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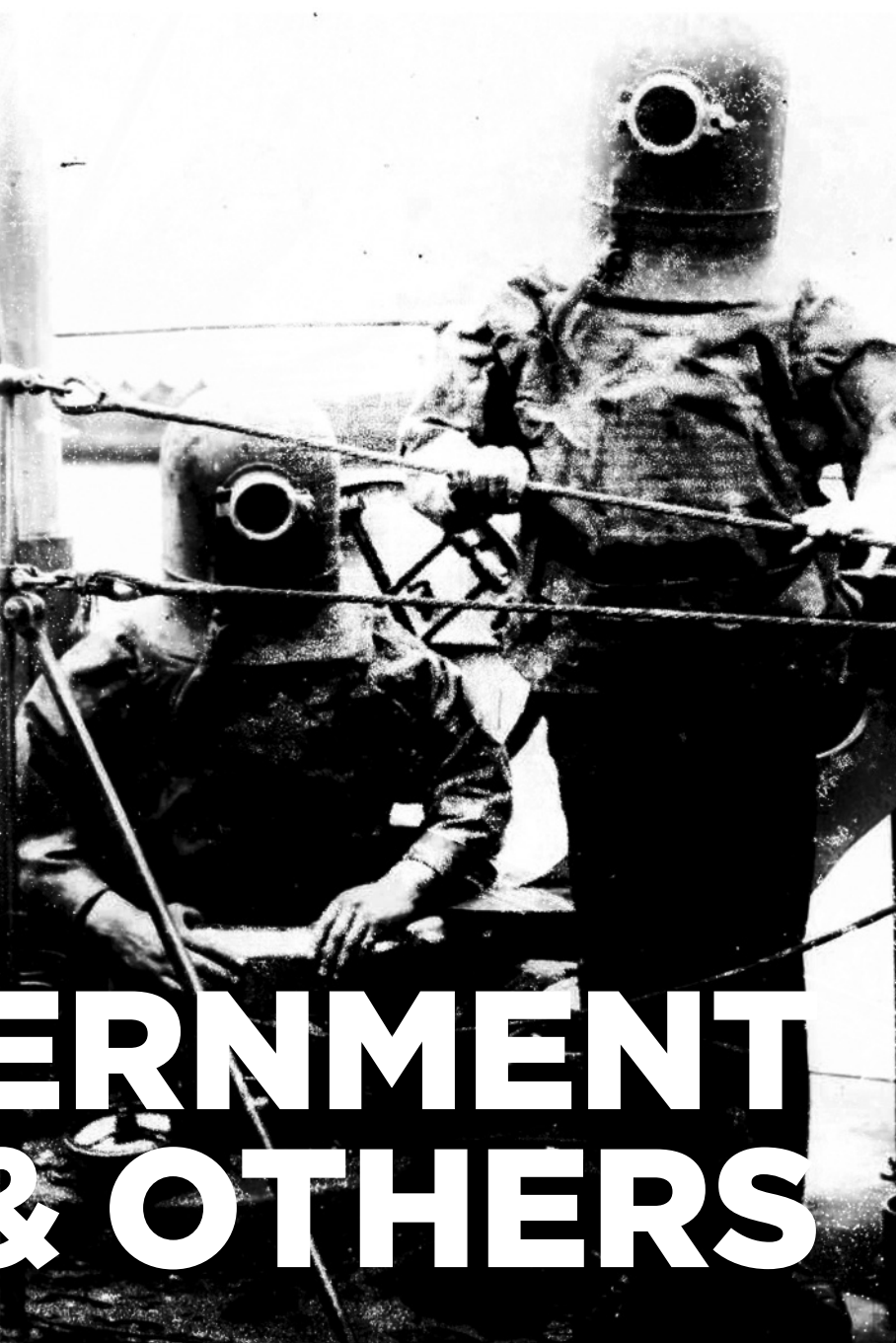
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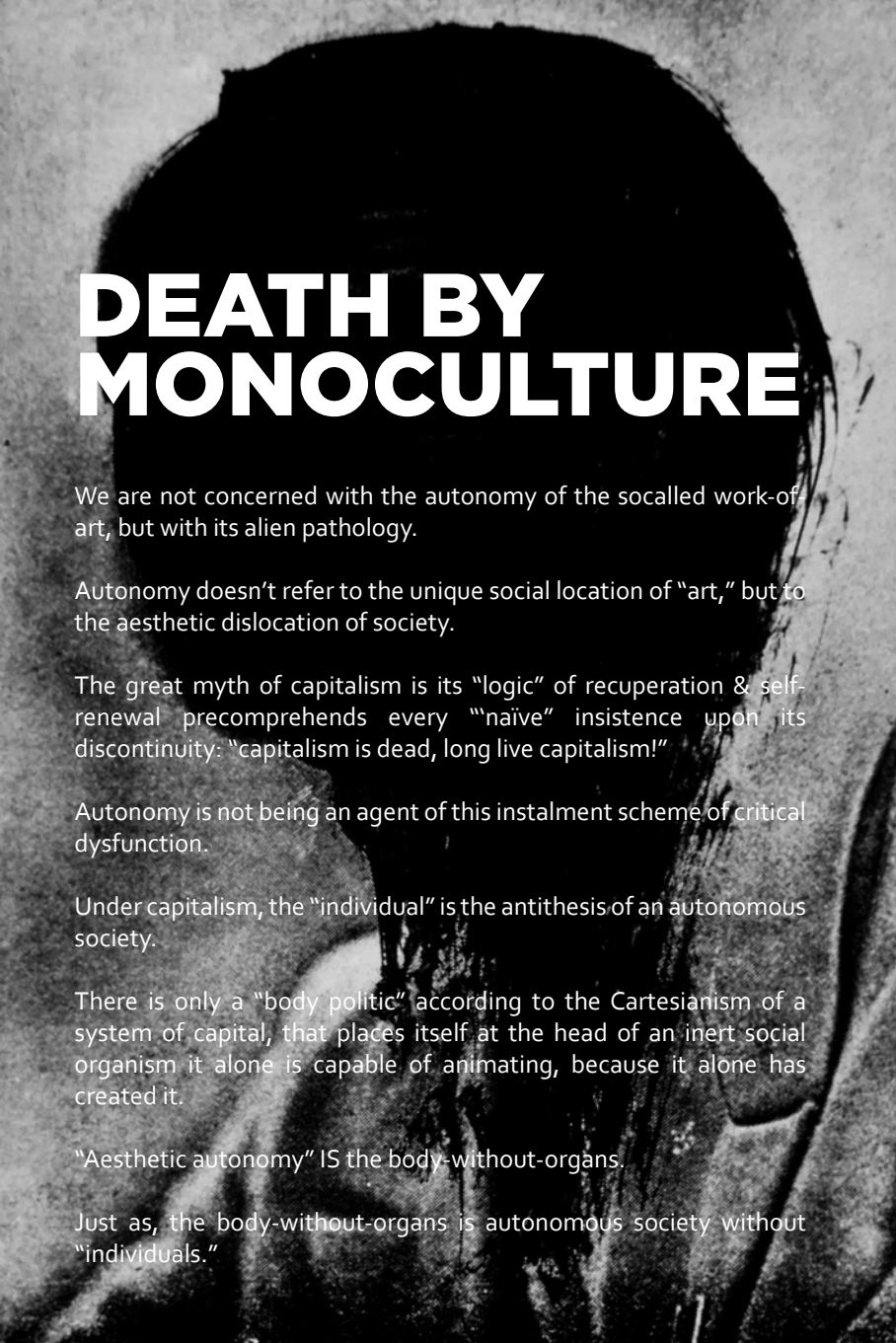
2 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT



**THE GOVERNMENT
OF SELF &**



**ERNMENT
& OTHERS**



DEATH BY MONOCULTURE

We are not concerned with the autonomy of the so-called work-of-art, but with its alien pathology.

Autonomy doesn't refer to the unique social location of "art," but to the aesthetic dislocation of society.

The great myth of capitalism is its "logic" of recuperation & self-renewal precomprehends every "naïve" insistence upon its discontinuity: "capitalism is dead, long live capitalism!"

Autonomy is not being an agent of this instalment scheme of critical dysfunction.

Under capitalism, the "individual" is the antithesis of an autonomous society.

There is only a "body politic" according to the Cartesianism of a system of capital, that places itself at the head of an inert social organism it alone is capable of animating, because it alone has created it.

"Aesthetic autonomy" IS the body-without-organs.

Just as, the body-without-organs is autonomous society without "individuals."

To protest isn't a transitive verb: the object of all politics is politics itself.

As surplus-value is to excess, so aesthetics is to insurrection.

The "voice of reason" is a hypnotist determined to mesmerise the "language of being."

Still dreaming of a totally administered world in which the lightbulbs magically change themselves.

Culture is the anaesthetic of ideological consciousness.

Not a dialectics of aesthetic gratification, but gratification by dialectical aestheticism.

They have invented a poison more deadly than any "cure."

Capitalism says there's not enough, when it means there's too much, & too much when there's not enough.

"I" can't get no satisfaction.

The aesthetics of hyperproduction aren't simply an instrument of ideological control, they are the entire content of its social reality.

Nothing is determined by its position within the process of reification but the "mindset" of reification itself.

The "silence" of Martin Heidegger is overrated: all political ontology is negative dialects, signed by the aletheia of its disappearances, its erasures, its mass exterminations.

The illness is most deadly at the very moment when the crisis appears to have passed.

4

PRINCIPLES OF ALIENIST THEATRE

- 1. Alienation is the underlying condition of human existence;**
- 2. The over-abundance of images is nauseating because it is the only representation of freedom allowed;**
- 3. Humanity becomes dead & inoperative in a direct ratio to the paralysis of language;**
- 4. Realism is the commodification of human improbability.**



#MYHUSTLER #МОЙПУТИН

HERETICAL RUMINATIONS

The will-to-representation is an idiot standing behind a mirror. The will-to-power is the idiot standing behind *every* mirror.

It is Capitalism that discovered the "tragic," even Nietzsche misinterpreted it.

There is no opposition between chance & necessity.

Which came first, the contradiction or the axiom?

The avoidance of pretext is not *proof to the contrary*.

Behind the Hegelian *image* we always find a "hidden hand."

They still want to play the game of "essential principles."

The mirror is not a slave to reality, but its imaginary master.

Every contradiction in Capital is an artefact of the quantum-like field of commodity value, between "exchange" & "circulation."

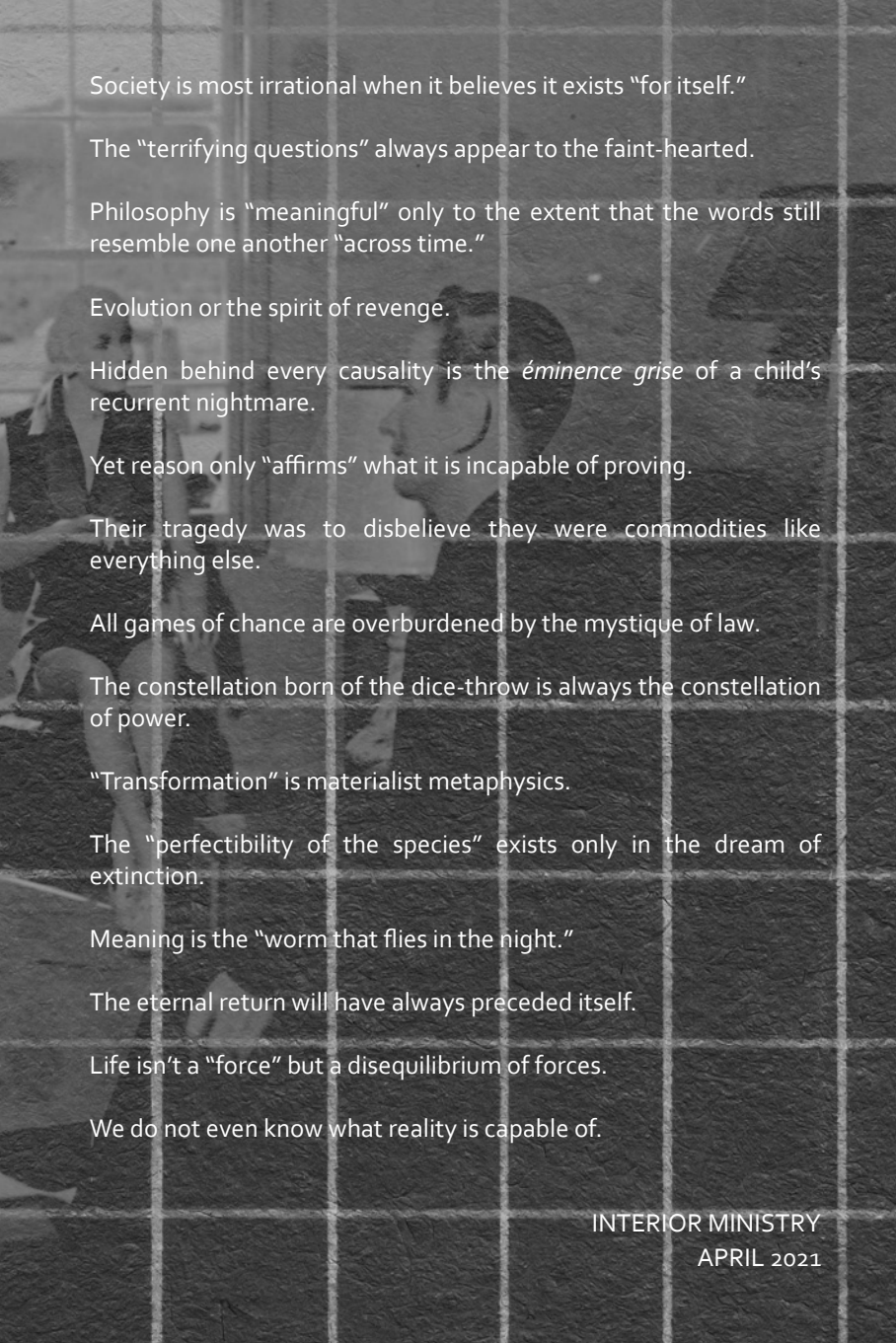
Hermeneutics is absurdist theatre.

Those most preoccupied with the "soul" have never encountered one & those indifferent to it have no need of one.

A throw of dice leaves nothing to interpret.

Perhaps *consumption* is the only real factor.

The pathos of History exists only for those deluded in the belief that power is *exercised*.



Society is most irrational when it believes it exists "for itself."

The "terrifying questions" always appear to the faint-hearted.

Philosophy is "meaningful" only to the extent that the words still resemble one another "across time."

Evolution or the spirit of revenge.

Hidden behind every causality is the *éminence grise* of a child's recurrent nightmare.

Yet reason only "affirms" what it is incapable of proving.

Their tragedy was to disbelieve they were commodities like everything else.

All games of chance are overburdened by the mystique of law.

The constellation born of the dice-throw is always the constellation of power.

"Transformation" is materialist metaphysics.

The "perfectibility of the species" exists only in the dream of extinction.

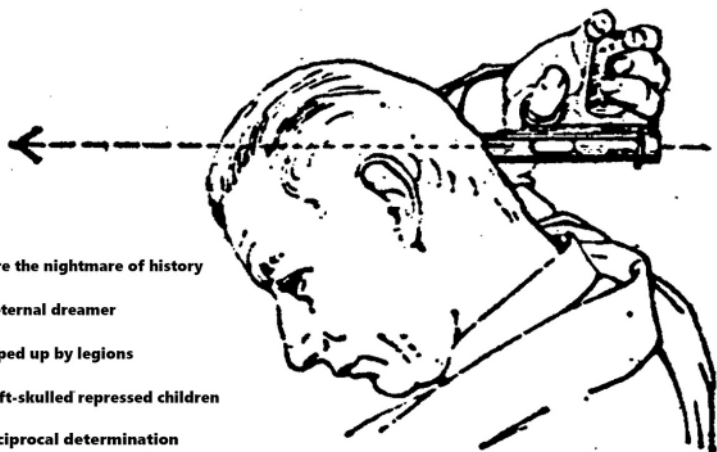
Meaning is the "worm that flies in the night."

The eternal return will have always preceded itself.

Life isn't a "force" but a disequilibrium of forces.

We do not even know what reality is capable of.

Before you lie answers: ask before you shoot



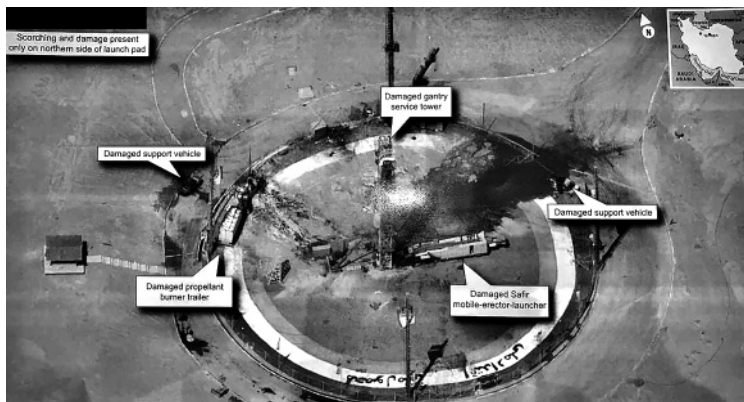
we are the nightmare of history
this eternal dreamer
propped up by legions
of soft-skulled repressed children
in reciprocal determination

MK UNDEFINED



NIHILISM IS POSITIVE SCIENCE

PF 2020+1



experiment no. 14 **– the revolution never called**

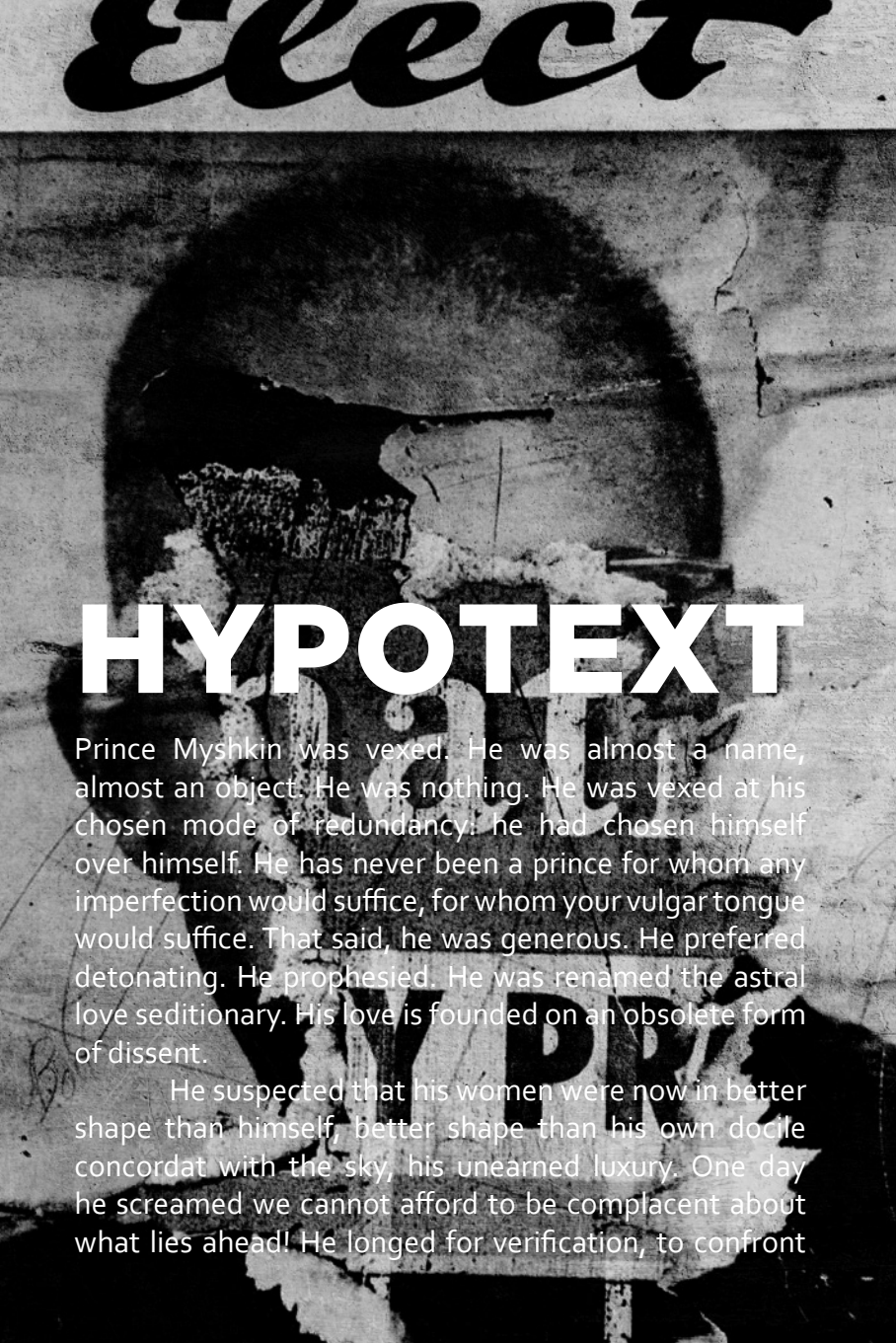
From now on, these experiments shall be less important, but more useful. Still, if you experiment, you've got to let yourself out of your hand.

This is your mind, and you stare at the screen, partwise imagining a whole world, partwise waiting for a simple function to appear. Being outside has turned into being alone. It's so good that there is some place where A leads to B and you have to find the way. Meadows appear, a shadow, but not the sun. You've been falling in love with a person you forgot, and you wait for things to fall apart or fall together, or both, but one after another. Why shouldn't you want to be the one, or at least be part of those who put something together while tackling it. The idea that things happen without you though you're a part of that idea, maybe even the genius. Don't go outside like a child in the streets.

experiment no. 17 **– this one's tickling my brain**

You've been cast away by the things you did. You have been drifting because of the thoughts in your mind. Your desire's still there like the water licking the Scottish coast though the pole caps are melting. You know that there's no difference between the young ones and the old ones and yourself, as seen from the pillow in the pillar at the back of your head in which the strings of your words and your actions have an intense love affair that soon will be gone.

TIM KÖNIG



Elect

HYPOTEXT

Prince Myshkin was vexed. He was almost a name, almost an object. He was nothing. He was vexed at his chosen mode of redundancy: he had chosen himself over himself. He has never been a prince for whom any imperfection would suffice, for whom your vulgar tongue would suffice. That said, he was generous. He preferred detonating. He prophesied. He was renamed the astral love seditionary. His love is founded on an obsolete form of dissent.

He suspected that his women were now in better shape than himself, better shape than his own docile concordat with the sky, his unearned luxury. One day he screamed we cannot afford to be complacent about what lies ahead! He longed for verification, to confront

the errors, the hours erased by desire. A permanent state of disquiet is essential: onward to the molten core of the earth's distraction!

I was too complacent going into that duel. The Prince was an aberration who wanted to see myself in his own reflexion. He wanted. He was a modern-day pietà. Origin is a duty. Origin is surging up from underneath the past. He flew. He possessed. For a month now he has taken possession of a large and incapable human.

All the women he knew were jumbled up and became known as the would-be assassins. They were very upset. One by one they were gunned down in a badly organized suicide raid.

What a beautiful cabbage patch! (Prince Myshkin had his own allotment, his own historic landmark.) Under the sabre the women genuflected, offered benefice. He was blessed. The Prince had never learned to command his own novels. He refused to order new ones. The women reappeared.

He assassinated anyone who tried to follow him; such dead people were called his disciples. After me, he screamed, the libation chaser, a tray of dark sambuca! Now even the bystanders are following him. The passengers all swerved at the same instant and the aeroplane tipped up in space and everybody fell out, scattered across the ground like so many spent matchstick people.

Prince Myshkin amused himself among the discount beasts. He amused himself by slitting their throats; they were also luxurious. We are in the world's final bestiary, your apocalypse zoo.

Then the Prince had one of his epileptic seizures in the palace grounds. He set the palace ablaze and let the flames spread to the palace next door. (Outside down below a tin can scuttered across the pavement in a gale.) He laughed in the face of the henchman's genitals. He ran down the tourists in a rented white van, an old pick-up truck — the newspapers dubbed him *homme van blanc*. He cut the chosen bystander to pieces. He drove into the promenaders on the seafront and died in a hail of bullets. The police had known all along.

Now he trails behind us in fragments. O the folly, all the gilded youth! But I am ecstatic in my self-destruction — I am your self-saboteur: day after day in the pit of your soul, I am rejuvenated by cruelty.

All the nice animals *n'existent pas*! All the nice animals are poised for an encore. They too are doomed to erasure.

I will see you in time. The words will arrive when they are needed.

Overcome by ecstasy in the midst his own downfall, the Prince has rejuvenated the croutons! The people did not murmur. The people refused to murmur — they were fearful of their own murmur. No one could take another step in any direction. Not one person offered discourse, not one

person offered a point of view, a perspective of their own. No one offered support. The Prince had his own mental health taxonomy and was proud. These were his dying words.

One evening Prince Myshkin felt especially proud. He galloped upstairs and disappeared into the firmament (he was a holy fool, what's called a savant). That genie appeared again in his place, a genie of repulsive beauty — an unavailable mind, the sameness. This genie was immutable, hygienic. She is the unanswerable meme, not to mention feats of sheer physical strength, the betrayal of gravity. Origin is that which is imitated on the pattern of gene.

Everyone felt ashamed. No one knew why. She has the surviving physiognomy, she has the lack of bearing. She is resorting. She is threatening to carry out her promise to crowd-fund another zoophilic orgy at the local multiplex.

See, she is the undiceable showboater, the insupportable meme! She is the *bon viveur* or *bon vivant* — the sybarite, voluptuary, the epicurean, the gourmand and gastronome, the connoisseur! She is the small writing table. She remains popular despite the eighteenth-century. She is ill-fitting. Origin is literally the misery of the day, the quotidian wave — a tsunami of fuck it, here-we-go-again.

It was unbearable! Prince Myshkin and the djinn agreed they had no problem posing as the essential saints. Origin is a living person. (They were thirty seconds away.) They are destined to be wiped out at the last stand; all the golden trumpets blared. Their comments about death went unheard: the key stakeholders were already dead.

Notes were made at the final outpost. Theoretically, the human body could become fused, disappear, interwoven with the surrounding magnetic field. Hypotext is underbreath — the calm of night — insensate language locked in, from the names of tiny plants, the murmur of tiny plants.

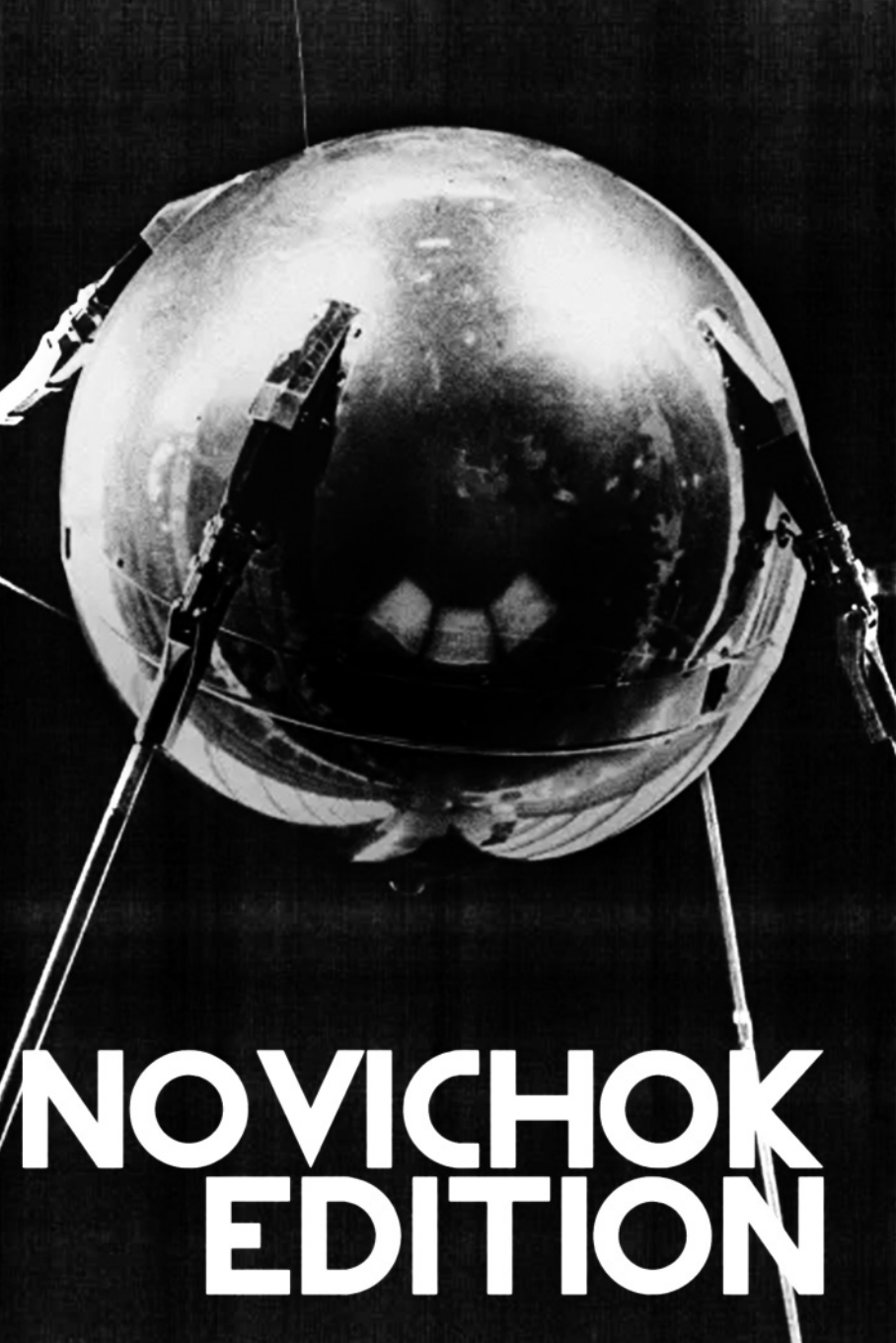
But this prince has decided. (He is pataphysic.) Your own prince has died. The tadpoles are coming. He is back inside the palace grounds, his own theatre of memory, an adaptation of the five entrances. This prince died in his own palace, the same palace that caught fire earlier. He was an age, an epoch unto himself. He is geological — he is the missing stratum. He has climbed over the wall, lacerating his hands on wicked shards of glass. The age is an ordinary age.

The Prince was the genie all along! The genie was the Prince all along! (You get the idea.) The savant's music knows nothing of your desire, of our desire — the desire of all the others, the unidentified pall-bearers.

RICHARD MAKIN



A HARD FUTURE'S GONNA RAIN



**NOVICHOK
EDITION**

ENTROPO PHAGY

Nietzsche's account of the eternal return presupposes a critique of the terminal or equilibrium state. Nietzsche says that if the universe had an equilibrium position, if becoming had an end or final state, it would already have been attained. But the present moment, as the passing moment, proves that it is not attained & that therefore an equilibrium of forces is not possible.

(Deleuze, Nietzsche & Philosophy)

In the Nietzschean *Wiederkehr*, the “will to power” is... entropy.

To the question, then, What is entropy? a further reply comes in the shape of this apparently abstract formula: Entropy = the self-metabolising of *différance* (spatiotemporalisation [Derrida]). The tendency for entropy to increase is thus contiguous with the tendency of *différance* to propagate: a “repetition compulsion” (*Wiederholungswang*).

Neither entropy nor *différance* are conditions that befall the universe, they name operations intrinsic to it – operations bound up with the very possibility of structure & therefore of existence (even an apparent absence of structure is a structural phenomenon).

Three propositions:

1. Every state is a *form* of metabolism.
2. Every state metabolises some other state.
3. Every “end state” or *metabolic rift* mirrors an “initial state,” of *différance* produced by random intrinsic noise.

The idea of entropy has so far remained under sentence of the “negation” that produced it. Beyond entropy: the non-recurrence of any state whatsoever. A dialectical fantasy.

Blackhole metaphysics: “humanity would sooner have the void for a purpose than be void of purpose” (Nietzsche, *Genealogy of Morals*).

Anthropocene: *We're living in ghost-time. Even at light speed, everything is after-effect. A “universe” perceived in the throws of extinction & being born, exceeds & cancels out the present as the tense of being or perception. Imagine arriving on the scene 4 billion years too late. What “status quo” dictates over this zone between possibilities both immanent & as infinitely far off as a night-sky constellation, a dream?*

This inhuman artefact: As ineffable as a constellation's flickering morse. Or a signifying hierarchy.

Humanism has always sought to *absolve itself* of the world, its tremors & discontinuities: a *metaphor* (of the "original" nucleo-synthesis).

All *existence* is singularity (neither homogenous nor isotropic): entropy is the concatenation of singularities, metabolised as an "evolutionary process."

Thesis: Life is entropological technē.

The cosmic genome isn't a blueprint (the desperation of something "lost" in space): there's always the chance *of being otherwise*. Humanity's "end" (like everything else) is that it will, for all intents & purposes, *never have been*: evolution implies it. And yet, this *never having been*, causally orphaned in the fictional spacetime of "History," persists in leaving traces. To recuperate the "irrecuperable": entropy.

Having dissociated itself from itself, the present of "being" cedes to an abyss or plenitude of representation that can only arise *from now on*. A throw of dice (will never abolish the cosmic debt). Under the cumulative *force* of this entropy, the universe *becomes* mythopoetically: the source & focus of an impossible "nostalgia" (the god-particle whose form is legion: the Big Bang, the Steady State, the Cosmic Crunch).

What "returns" is not the diminishing spiral of an original primogeniture, but the eruption at zero: the *difference minimum*.

At the lowest atomic energy level, the universe *fluctuates*. Catastrophes of the infinitesimal feed the great dissipation. Matter, antimatter: darkness visible.

Blackhole information paradox cannibalised: entropy, too, must have its entropy.¹

LOUIS ARMAND

¹ See Ahmed Almheiri, Netta Engelhardt, et al., "The Entropy of Bulk Quantum Fields & the Entanglement Wedge of an Evaporating Black Hole," *High Energy Physics – Theory* (4 November 2019): arXiv.1905.08762v3; cf. Kaonan Micadei, John P.S. Peterson, Alexandre M. Souza, et al., "Reversing the Direction of HeatFlow using Quantum Correlations," *Nature Communications* 10.2456 (2019): arxiv.org/abs/1711.03323.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



AUTOPHAGIC
CELL DEATH

A black and white photograph showing a large mural of a man's face, likely a political figure, on a wall. Several people are standing in front of the mural, looking at it. The scene is outdoors, with a fence and some vegetation visible in the background. The text "THE COMPENSATING FANTASY OF POLITICAL EXISTENCE" is overlaid on the image, centered horizontally and rotated 90 degrees counter-clockwise.

THE COMPENSATING FANTASY
OF POLITICAL EXISTENCE

The strategic decision not only to assume the ongoing disintegration as a given, but to weaponize it, that is, to put this fragmentation to an offensive use. Such a decision responded, in fact, to an analysis of the modifications of capitalism, which in those years was entering into a molecular becoming, & took into account the disintegration of the workers' movement.

In other words, to the fragmentation of industry & work in general corresponded the fragmentation of class subjectivity. Pushing this line of reasoning to the extreme, Mario Tronti could claim that the defeat of class identity put an end to the history of the “modern subject” altogether.



THE FUTURE WILL BE FEMINIST

**THIS IS A
NEW KIND OF
WITCHCRAFT
MOTHERFUCKERS!**

M.S. MEKIBES



THEY

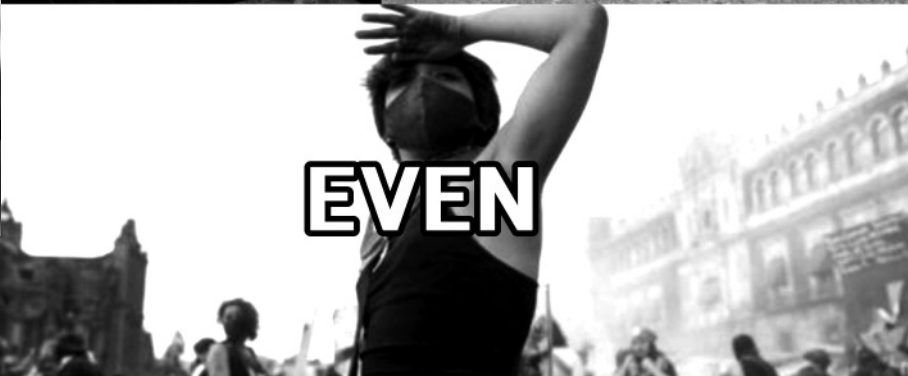
TOOK

**EVERY
THING**



FROM

US



EVEN



FEAR



OUR MASKS



WERE MANDATORY

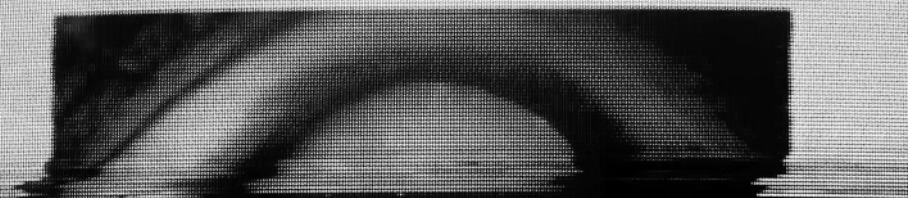


A WHILE AGO



**WE MAY RUN OUT OF FLOWERS
WE MAY RUN OUT OF CANDLES
SO WE BECAME THE COLOR
WE BECAME THE FIRE**

LA POLICÍA NO ES AMIGA



THE POSSESSIONS

if someone had distributed leaflets with the imprinted silhouette of a raven along the streets of Our Lady of Grief, in Cornucopia, there would have been a call to order, a selective mating, a hostage-taking at a bank —the painted faces, the tattooed knuckles, someone could have ended up with a busted head—; they would offer us suns without souls or organs as lines of flight, frightened alarms would howl, we would have discovered an insect squashed under a shoe's sole, a play would've been released, machines would eat the ice from the poles without even approaching them —just as we used to eat the electric current, the choppy magnetic breathing of the radio antennas, the silk hooks tangled on the pearl of the arterial rose, the hinges, the gills; we snapped our teeth chewing on stars and sparks, bouquets of virtue in flames, so many anodes and cathodes made of copper foil connected by the saliva perfusing through the tongue; polystyrene would hesitate between floating on the pool or being blown away; we would continue, despite the discomforts of age, masturbating almost daily, each time the taste of the garlands and elytra would bloom again in our mouth; each murmur a plunder of scorched palates; hot cocoa sponge cake, meringue on puff pastry, tiramisú, ginger jelly beans, a slice of loin covered in orange marmalade, a volley of green grapes; we would stare at a basket of fruit as if a tiny Dutch painter was crouching in the shadow of an apple or reflected in the optical joke of the convex belly of a silver jug; we are injury, lions humiliated by the downpour, a lesson in chaosophy, geomantic marauders in the radioactive exclusion zone;

we had resolved, for all the inconveniences that it entails, not to travel again, reject any invitation, lock ourselves in the apartment, squander the meager savings in a selection of online shops; ignore greetings and phone calls; only awaiting the arrival of the delivery guy, the surprise boxes in front of the apartment's door; why go out into the world if we can force the whole world inside ourselves, if we can inject it, absorb it through the sense

organs; if all that exists is technology — we just need to learn its technique; long before the internet we had a microscope with which breaking down millimeters and immersing ourselves in the strange universe of microfauna and marine plankton, their tiny monsters of segmented glass, alabaster and bubbles, transparent bamboo canes, reasonable dreams festooned with cilia and flagella, each pool between the rocks on the beach was a concave planet brimming with crabbing aliens; we would repeatedly lean out to observe the windows of a building on the other side of the street, waiting for the white and translucent silhouette of an undressed human being to appear, on any floor, randomly and for a few seconds, impossible to photograph, as a ghost in a pyramid-shaped wedding cake; a firebird will build its nest with the volatile sparks produced by static; the perpetual bee-eaters will have singled us out; the more the world adjusted to our image, the more uncomfortable we felt in the waiting room of the planetary sanatorium; We decided to lie down in wait for the judgment of the day, for the arrival of the world of ordinary ends, to be abducted by any kind of winged hypnosis; that someone, somewhere, would remember our existence and decide to claim some old debt from a forgotten game; at first we would be ashamed of not being able to pay and sit like weeping buddhas in the center of the plain; we were convinced that time would soon get rid of people like us —charons, after all, on uncrossable rivers; so different from Fabio Ercoli, who believed in action and equations, in new ways of propelling the mothership ahead in a specific direction were the required energy available; the rocket, the bomb, the blast, the asteroid, the oil, the concave mirror, the helium isotope, the rotating turbines, the molecular conspiracy of genetics, the frozen fear that had been introduced into our dividual code to synchronize us in a last hysterical gesture before the simulation of extinction; who believed in morning exercise, vegetarianism, dinosaur feathers, superstrings, artificial intelligences, the indivisible hand of the market and the fist of the minor state with broken phalanxes from so much hitting the same walls it had previously built, who believed in health and disease till death knew or did its part, in the face he saw in the mirror when shaving, in his teenage children, in the code guidelines, in second marriages, newspapers, schools, and the science for which he presumed to work, which was a science that had already ceased to be so although it was still called that, offering nothing new to know, little more than a technique disguised as a faith, folding itself to the antithetic desires that had been previously implemented in the mechanical crowds, which accumulated new objects that aged almost instantly, like those fruits that rust immediately after sliced; a science that had left us not behind or in the gutter, but exactly and precisely in our place, neither more nor less, like insects pierced by pins or fish mummified by the sudden freezing of a lake, or fossils, or inhabitants of

Pompeii, or cells fixed on a slide; we could not do anything with that science, nor could it take advantage of any of us, a way out without an alley, all movements calculated; each spark that remained motionless on the eye's needle, scorching eyelashes a bit; the car in the garage with its mouse muscles at rest, keeping us on this side of the window like flies trapped in geometric two-dimensionality by their inability to understand transparency; in planes others embarked with the desire to continue buzzing to magnify the eulogy, spinning on the merry-go-round and the Ferris wheel; the airports had recovered their crunchy sound and their sleepwalking crowds, the belts dragging suitcases capable of carrying entire existences, shells of material and demonic possessions, vestiges of spells; we remembered the castaways on the highways and the suicide bombers on the balcony; the clouds curled over the sandy rooftops going to die at the ATMs; it seemed possible to harlequin the madman; until a few years ago we used to constantly go from one place to another, the course was the journey, driven by unconsciousness, the mathematical flapping of the multiple arms of the dream fairies struggling to become steam or lace or goddesses of death crowned with crystal skull diadems; sometimes we would run aground in Toronto, in London, in Melbourne, in Amsterdam, in Tokyo, cities famous for the professionalism of their conference organizers and the delicacy of their flesh-pleasing alchemists, people capable of shaping a body into mercury candy, among whom we had friends whose fees we could usually not afford; some were also magnificent artists, they wrote for magazines we liked to treasure, they exhibited objects or themselves in small and hidden art galleries; for the same price we preferred to acquire their works than to fuck them, although sometimes they would accompany us to some public place and we would fall asleep on their stuffed laps, bruised after being invited, for example, ice skating, without being able to find out if it had been an artistic action or a savage and sadistic joke; even then we thought that it made sense that sex was going to be one of those activities that would end up professional, such as gardening, cooking, sports, or murder —and once converted into business it would go back in fashion as a hobby so that everyone had the opportunity to consume it as doing their own thing; consumption is the disinfection of the act, the elimination of its impurities, the ionic somersault, the least common, hygiene carried to the extreme of its axiomatic simulation; the algorithm would be the perfect consumer, a loop that bites its tail, an electric arc that melts in its existence leaving a subtle trace of ozone and itching, that is why wet pyrotechnics would have to become, more than gymnastic, algorithmic; an expression of fine lines of a greedy code of data, adapting to the tastes of a humanity a thousand times restored and as impure as the mechanical arm that insists, that returns again and again to the same gesture to reconstruct the same object, eaten

away by the imperceptible buzz of viruses, bacteria and parasites, wanting to reach the end to corroborate the unfounded prejudice that everything goes back to the beginning; we've never spent so much as now that we have received a large cash advance, enough to rewind ourselves, unfold some of the sails of the ghost galleon that will sail us again and start packing for one last tour or world war, the leather mask, the sniper rifle, the gloves, the tobacco; we didn't want to do it but sometimes we got tired of imagining ourselves dead and we took any path to forced magic; we had stayed in hotels made of glass and aluminum that looked like the frozen explosion of an optical bomb, whose invoices were paid by the company we were working for at that time, actually divisions of the same hypercorporation in simulated competition, owned by the same mineral gods that had replaced the adverse reason; those who cannot stand chaos are driven to pursue arbitrary goals, and that is what they call innovation; we traded with things like anxiolytics and vaccines and experimental therapies for diseases that it was not clear if they had been invented or simply the bodies worked like that —not working, polymorphic in their polylogy, never existing in that ideal condition to which we tried to reduce them; nothing could be said about pleasure or pain, much less about the infinite nuances into which pleasure, pain, and death had become under the classifying gaze of a ritual science that never ceased to invent new organs and mouths for human beings; previously gutted and dismembered bodies whose appetites we obsessed with feeding, organs imposed on an anatomy at once cold and orgiastic, in need of rare earths and elemental traces of extraterrestrial life rhythms, transplanted to be later uprooted on the altar of sacrifice, wielded organs like the stone ax that excises them, the screams of the impact, the light igniting inside the open chest, the warehouses and factories burning, the wind carrying away the white ashes of photons and flesh; we spent the time doing tests in this or that laboratory while the skin was emptied of muscle and fat and remained like fine leather or a velvety mold on the long bones, and then trying to convince others of the benefits of the results obtained and its possible practical applications, we wanted more to be mercenaries than to waste time defending our own hypotheses which, in any case, like homicides for pleasure or passion, would have no monetary value; this is how one ends up selling oneself with pleasure to buy for pleasure instead of joining the revolt and being carried away by the intoxicating smoke of explosions and fires; one night we dreamed that we were having dinner with Jacques and our father, and when we woke up, we found it ingenious to imagine what each of them would have thought of their involuntary role; we did not get to know Jacques, we had only read his books and the transcript of his seminars and his biography, all that many years before dreaming about him, and there were more people at that dinner whose identity we

don't remember, maybe they were just dreamlike extras, filling diners, shadow guests, because it seemed like a conference dinner, like so many of us who had attended for work; *you know from experience that things are rarely what they are encouraged to seem*, said Dr. Landau, a scientific advisor to one of the companies that had ever hired our services; we missed factories manufacturing, because all of a sudden everything was bad poetry, unfortunate slogans to present the usual as last, raindrops on wet ground, merchandise to be destroyed in an incessant advertising auto-da-fe, Luciferic pleasure to see your favorite logo burning up in flames, the spontaneous combustion of a lover at the foot of the bed, a universal golden deluge of the same repeated word; we didn't think we could get out of this; while traveling, everything is either an exclusive zone or an exclusion zone, one constantly passes from one to another, from flattery to harassment, from scan to foot massage, from humiliation to pride, from caviar to chicken-or-lasagna, from the restless sleeps in the armchair to the instructions of the cabin crew —unless you can pay for all the luxury extras at every step and thus avoid binarism, the schizosomy that transforms into schizosomnia until we are plunged into a liquid bazaar of lucid dreams—; travel, especially in those hermetic pots that draw rectilinear clouds, is what injects us into the arteries of the body-leviathan of early capitalism that some consider late, the international boarding souks represent the space-time of hypnagogia, turbulence sleepwalking consumption that takes place between the super-orders of obsessive and hysterical vigilance and floating in the air like cotton flakes or wisps of smoke, the aspirational promiscuity of all who share the shreds of the bait and the urge to be carried, and the float bladders are filled with bubbly soda; we adore sugar and chance and we will be enemies of their enemies; when you stop traveling, it becomes clear, for example, that summer is not the light from a nuclear power plant explosion that appears suddenly at the end of a tunnel, it lasts three or four days, and can only be traveled by taxi; when you stop traveling, you walk alone through the forests of bodies or on the sands of the desert, while others walk together, in a platoon, photographing each other, exchanging blows and hugs, repugnant emptiness, wax flesh of violent awakenings; our genes explode in our throats; we submit to the glory of a new disinfection; to the bloodless genocide of melancholy; we leave ourselves alone; our temple is always open to the unknown god, we are prepared to welcome the strange, we ignore the desire to convince, to seek out others who have an opinion on what we have come up with, to enjoy the same things; we hope, cosmopolars, on the contrary, that they will discover us different worlds; they are allowed, in fact, to treat me like a dead person

GERMÁN SIERRA



everything's
absolutely
normal!

#ALIENISM



Nina's Kiss of THE

my moth

W. secours popular

FRA

TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HUMAN BEING

The most beautiful human being,
Oh how I admire you and how I feel sorry for you !
You made this evening beautiful, this hour of Covid and
The end of the Lockdown
As with your green hair, with your razed skull and weird hairdo
With your snakeskin trousers which glitter in the night
Reminding us of Marlon Brando
With your smile lost and gone to the skies
As you are.. on I don't know which drug , you rushed
to enter the lady's room where you wanted to get
a quick relief from all your problems
I thought for a second: here! The Spring came finally back
Giving us the good reason to continue living in this city,
Some people started feeling free to walk through it,
Oh, how life would be awful without you, my unknown friend,
If the life were left only to those who work in such and such office,
Who work in something we call work suits
Oh how life would be terrible if we were deprived
of such razed green-haired creatures, people like you
thus I'd like to dedicate my poem to you
as I know that in some good twenty thirty or forty years
the life will become just unbearable to you, the being
with that light and transparent smile, lost in the skies
my dear Lucy with those diamonds,
everything will pressure you and you will feel predestined
to live permanently on pills and amphetamine
you'd never wish to descend your skies again
without your diamonds and your name Lucy,
who knows what kind of person you'd become by then...

NINA ŽIVANČEVIĆ



THE END

MICHAEL ROWLAND





ZIPPY UNCHAINED



REGION CZ - 41/2017

Kolbomov
cikone
cikar
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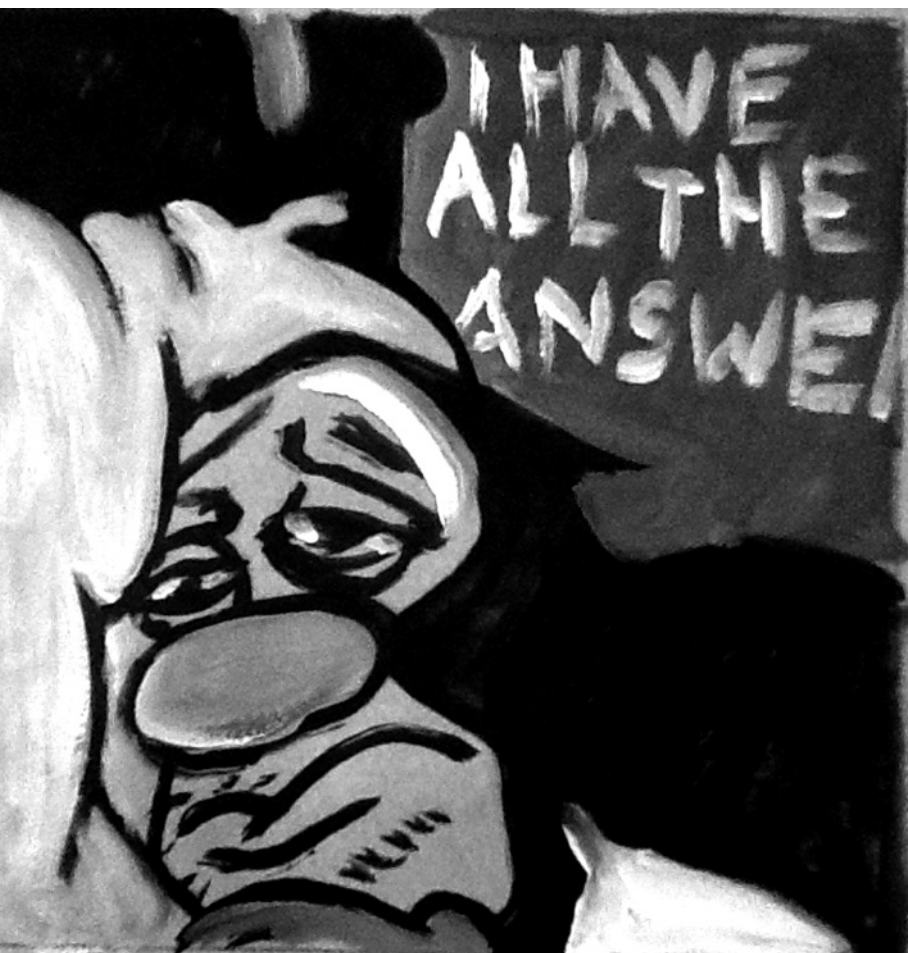
YAYEL

GADJI BERI BIMBA

GO + POE



PALLADIUM SHMALLADIUM



I HAVE ALL THE ANSWER

**You do not do, you do not do
Any more, black shoe.**



READY MAID



EVERGREEN

THE GREAT SUICIDE ORGIES

From the Ponte apartment building, Johannesburg, it seemed the death was a rush to eternity, all downhill & possessed. So what was obvious to everyone thronging about was that no one can take what they want. Instead, it has to fall to them somehow, & then it's obviously fate whether or not you live a happy life or not, & not about striving for it. It wasn't so much that they felt a breather coming, more that even if it wasn't a lovely idea, how else were they going to express the emotions of reunion they were all feeling, like a big-framed mirror hung on a familiar mantel showing them surprises?

On the Third Mainland Bridge, Lagos, there were attempts to pay evil in instalments, & the crowds watching were sullen & unaccountably childish, as if the bird's death struck them as disproportionately awry, as a kind of infantilism they had to match. One or two jeered at the wickedness of the act with classic symptoms of choked appetite like those believing their movie-born ideas or getting too much off the lines of popular songs. They had badly judged ideas for making money on the side. They'd go off to play cards later & scheme with looks that were darkly austere.

They were not talking & looking scared, stragglers over Van Stadens Bridge, Eastern Cape, disfigured in soul & shaped like retribution, nothing less. The crowd was left feeling exposed by what they saw, as if a great devil had taken up residence & countless smaller ones thronged about to serve it. Vendors had little to sell, & the whole scene was muffled up by a dim-witted sense of something coming back to roost.

They wouldn't even look at each other, & tried to laugh at nearly everything as they went to keep themselves together, nifty & in shadows thrown crooked, distorted & aloft by the Cairo Tower, & there were many who felt they should just keep walking & not despair, but it proved too much. They ended up looking like they didn't care & just wouldn't bother giving anyone a direct glance but instead walked as if begging, their limp hands as if being then & there mustered in mud, like they were freshly made & not quite in charge of all their different parts. But small children got it: they were crying in a quiet, sob sobbing way, so their chests bounced out of their ribs & the air was dusted with their sounds but couldn't absorb it, which left the adults looking profoundly afraid, words streaming trash & rapturously painful. There are different refinements of respect, & this was a time they could be noticed.

But out on the Mapo Bridge in Seoul the image of the killed albatross seemed like a cage had found the bird it'd always longed for & the throngs of suicidals turned back & started for home, somehow inspired to let their despair go elsewhere & breathe deeply into nature. Indoors others aired their rooms, let in a fresh slice of sunlight which was leaner than before, & flowers glowed with a new inheritance as if someone had pulled back an extra curtain & the core of wreaths conducted themselves inside like winter-moody plush.

Suffering badly, meanwhile, in the Aokigahara forest, Mount Fuji, the sun was shining differently afterwards there too, as if drawing circles around everything, each one a hoop of heart-searching, & bringing with it strange hours of question & answer, which struck everyone as being like a peculiar kind of grieving, & cold eyes, a little sick of everything, were prepared for any kind of finding, as if they were made that way on account of the fact that there they had retained a dizzy watchfulness, & were well acquainted with omens & unwitting dread, which somehow accounted for their ability to carry their burdens in powerful paroxysms of random sex & violence from the depths of flowers in quiet trees.

There were murders at that time, with a lot of guys being shot, & by accident a mother in the Delhi Metro too. That's where no one underrated their bodies anymore, & thought how each might be strong enough to destroy heaven. This showed heaven proves the impossibility of bodies. That was the first time anyone saw the albatross excitement as a rebuke, & people were rude & full of sharp thoughts in connection with the badness of the winter, & were fed up. It wasn't just commentary or observation but was getting down to a core, like when you have to deal with the police.

By the banks of Han River there were those who saw the slaying as evil & no longer asked for it to be believed. Some went as far as rushing to print

accounts at odds with what they'd seen, as if they were wanting to test something, bring out a new angle that no one had seen before. But even these had to admit all their wicked evil was just sublimity, in other words, a swig of reality like a sledgehammer on the head is. What was the point of further education & refinement, they thought, given that the situation seemed to call for groaning & wailing & falling to your knees in abjectness?

At Hussain Sagar hiding places suddenly became available, & there was a slightly acrid or pasty smell. Some people started fainting a little more, as if to make themselves better understood because how else were they to make sense of what seemed senseless & hateful?

In the Milad Tower there was what struck people inside as dark psychological tunnels, rising from heat & disfigurements, unsought, with a general love of imperfect & lurid looking people bursting up & changing what before had seemed freakish, fragmentary & all noses & teeth.

From Mount Mihara fires & smoke from the centre of the earth continued to pummel up like slithers of the Tree of Life, whereas onlookers, more certain of the Tree of Knowledge, looked confused as if guilt was nothing to do with sinfulness but was lifelessness, & the albatross had shown them a glimpse of this.

The Nanjing Yangtze River Bridge held bright sunlight & even if it had crumbled away in front of everyone's eyes right there & then, as the incident happened, it would somehow have remained untouched. What this meant to the people there was that somethings can't be destroyed even if it becomes no more than fine dust, & their thoughts grew steadier as they brooded further about this & drew more conclusions, refining them until ideas became positively unreal, which is what often happens, leaving the extremists to die alone of their foolishness & makes you think they'd have been better off stopping the philosophy & going along a steadier way with honester, kinder drunks.

At Shin-Koiwa Station the event created fear with an awareness of the necessity of all the things connected to the world, an aroused terror that was to some degree a matter of responsibility.

In the Tehran Metro the main feelings were about the sensual radiations that emanated from the image of the falling, dying bird, as if they were taking sides with themselves against those who ask for something that is ultimately damaging.

Tojinbo saw everyone weeping suddenly & dramatically, as if they were caught between being infinitely small & making themselves so. It's true, tender-hearts like to depend on tougher souls to carry them through, which is a puzzle that probably explains lots.

Over at the Wuhan Yangtze River Bridge people ran away from what they saw, as if they were trying to blot out their lives through their actions. What will the world do for you without kindness? The incident struck them like a taunt from a dark heaven.

Along the 25 de Abril Bridge the citizens of Lisbon no longer held light beliefs but instead turned to weathered, dark, weightier ones, whilst at the same time they didn't hold a high opinion of this onrush of kind emotions, likening it to having a random hard-on, which they thought lessened all the other times.

Along the Älvsborg Bridge cold living faces with beautiful jaws & painfully clear forms, smelling of pines in sun, of granite canyons & waters pure north, seemed rather lost & on loan, as if they belonged elsewhere & to someone else. No longer belonging to the inside ring of equals, they made an unnameable mixture of dragging flow as they moved backwards with a cold lick of fire in their eyes, back towards the wastelands.

In Ringgadebroen the sight of the killing was like a seeping-back of night from the bad filters of a low, dangerous & now sad skyline, all purple shutters over golden faces & devotional decorations which none of them had understood before but now did, as powerful & formal voices 'made allowances for mortality', as one of them put it.

On Archway Bridge, Highgate, the greyed, alleviated people yielded up a foggy tone of absent-minded, long-stemmed innocence, with eyes trying to take their time with the sorrow & the great clear & critical calculations & confidences made in the key to which the event's true dominion was set.

Atop Beachy Head, Sussex, windswept roarers & shouters did stunts with their mouths, like they were circus performers all of a sudden, with the bird's final summersault a leading part of their private dissoluteness.

Meanwhile, loopers made their way across Bosphorus Bridge as Istanbul fell into a strange, quiet, affectionate roughness, & when money was spoken of it was done so through clenched disdainful teeth & ultimate disbelief.

Along the Cliffs of Moher in County Clare pairs of walkers scraggled & plucked, followed a trajectory of where the soul should walk, eating maybe fish & rolls, or else why were the scabbards of their jaws moving like that?

But they were shaking heads & wondering like everyone else & beginning right away to make other arrangements, as if they knew it was going to be alright to do that, & actually, the done thing.

In the haggling yellow dark twilight steep on black-hearted Clifton Suspension Bridge, slender & broad together walked & held back, wondered & then flatly refused to go on, as if they felt the need to apologise & press themselves into their nervousness, trying to find out what wrapped their nerves up.

Same on Erskine Bridge & the Forth Road Bridge but not so Derry's Foyle Bridge where there was just this one fellow, reaching inside his sleeve with a lifted shoulder, & who turned off having seen it all, & watched as the blue darkness, fat-earthed & petrol-streaked, wired up night & made it clear that what he'd just seen was a disaster.

Beneath the Göltzsch Viaduct, Reichenbach im Vogtland where the 2002 documentary *Teuflische Spiele* (Diabolical Games) had taken place the lovers tasted puke in their throats & knew what it was, pure fear, as if their hearts had been stolen & what was running up against them went far back, like machinery cooking up heaven.

Towards the Grand Duchess Charlotte Bridge, Luxembourg City, they'd seen it through a Plexiglas barrier discoloured by fatigue & brushed up, seen it without at first any particular interest & then slowly, impermeably changed, troubled & rocky, as if the poetry of death had seized them more intensely than more common itches.

Over the wild desolation of the Humber Bridge people there were gripped, as many Yorkshire folks are, by notions of infinite expanse & copiousness, a result of their history mixed in with this thing, carried to an extreme limit, of laborious creation & solid work & primal determinations.

Further South the London Underground people started to return to wherever they were heading as if nothing had happened, but this just impressed upon everyone the fact that perhaps atheism is impossible, because even speaking about it requires some sort of faith, & these will, like raptures, just writhe along the tunnels no matter where they might be, Ealing or Bethnal Green way, it doesn't matter & never did.

Fog had swirled around Nusle Bridge & made everyone there who saw it feel completely quiet & alone & then filled up with dread, wishing they'd stayed home in bed, wrapped up like Nero, but that, after all, is what Prague can do even without such resounding global strangeness.

Along the Paris Métro it felt possible to bathe in the reflected glory of Odysseus, as if they heard their own silence in the dismal event & now forgot everything else that had been before, all those lies & tricks & disownments, just drowned them out.

If you happened to have been near the legs of the Segovia Viaduct you'd have heard a cuckoo, another bird so full of wiles that not even the goddess of destiny could penetrate to its innermost being, & this seemed to add poise to the whole incredible thing, like Sirens vanishing in the face of resolution.

Those with an honest intention of just walking by the Türisalu cliff were more changed than the others; confronted with a version of heaven, it was as if they were rocks broken into elements, crashing down into mighty slabs of what had been before even bigger.

The strangeness of Americans on the Memorial Bridge, Seattle was this: that upon seeing the unbearable image they immediately wanted to keep seeing it on recordings from far & wide, as if by repeated observation it might be erased so that the unbearability of life might be both captured & discarded.

On Arrigoni Bridge they were ashamed of wanting to die, & began to talk of crutch-hoppers & beggars back in town who they resolved to help straight off with some gifts & one or two even said they'd go through the dark gasp of a church door after this.

On the Colorado Street Bridge in Pasadena there were uncertain creaks in throats, & faces red & hot with excitement, others packed pistols & bellies, hanging over what they call pants & me, jeans, were big & downward, & still others seemed changed a bit, preoccupied & astonished, eyes working with a certain voltage & shimmering gingerly & without waste of attention to the study of what might have been to them a cathedral, because the thing was spiritual & deep, an iron bump of religion.

Towards Coronado Bridge people were wanting to go elsewhere, stirred up by the instant & now navigated more by the stars & nature than human terms & words, as if only higher considerations, or those at the root of things, mattered, & sculling in the shallows was no longer an option & that if exile meant this then so be it.

Dark bitter lips moved on the Foresthill Bridge in Auburn. If you were nearby & saw this you'd have wanted to move far away & try & forget it.

Whereas on George Washington Bridge between New Jersey & New York City there was a look everyone had you couldn't tell if they really were that

innocent, or if they were all bluffers, although if you'd asked they'd have said something along the lines of wanting to be as good as they could be & that that was how they knew themselves, as far as they did, better than worms & beetles do, although even in the insect world there's a lot of swindling if they're to escape hunters, & worms, not insects, the same.

There's something already unearthly about the Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco, California with its skinny, smouldering thoughts & its look, like an underworld red intestine carrying whatever split out the chest of a human sacrifice to heaven, a soaring impassivity that blended with the atmosphere the event made, such that it became staggering & a lure, as if Caligula had something to do with it, which some of these folks thought he probably damn well did.

The burden carried by those along the Governor Thomas Johnson Bridge in Southern Maryland just tied up what they saw with old things, rough jokes, coffins, rats & asses, & they were all worshippers before & remained so after but at a higher altitude, way up in the highest air flesh & blood could endure, proud though slapped & pinched by this astronomical sign & its rapacious death throes aura. It was as if it left craters in their brains, every one of them, with spores & parachute seeds that would fall into the crevices there & grow up coaly bubbles of underworld prayers that would start to murmur & murmur as if trying to stay disguised. But nevertheless, they knew.

It was like they were hooded on Jacques Cartier Bridge, Montreal, Quebec & then the hood loosened off so their eyes were gruesome pearls or emeralds with little lines of cruelty, & they seemed out of breathe but regardless, it was like they had beef in fists & were twisted by the sight of the killing, like they appreciated the prouder pull of the deed, its heavy squirt of spirit wonder, romance & elocution.

In Fayetteville, West Virginia they sat indoors with feathers of something darker on their faces, & then drove in station wagons, hard pressed by dry impatience, to a jerry-builder drunk with blind mothers wearing old shoes, eating pinched chicken, bees out in the wood, thoughts of an educated God for once, & dreams of settling, one day, after the hardships lifted, hardships which were only what being human meant after all, so the message of the thing was plain & heeded, all the knocks & gifts as if it was really about accepting somebody's hospitality somewhere along the line.

Niagara Falls was particularly busy when they saw it in their olive & brown & green coats, straw golden sunlight on the brassy water flushing over the ridges & plunging with a brighter greatness of the same, one boy with his

fist on his hip & jacket slung shoulder wise, others sucking on water bottles or chewing handmade picnic sandwiches or fruit, witty-looking apples & the like, peeled for the young critters, with the mothers looking like they were determined to hold back all the carnage, misery, hunger, crime, wrath & futility of the world from their offspring for as long as they could, eyes hard & wild like they are with all mothers, not overstrapped by conscience but fierce like bringing up chicks in the dark with foxes hunting in the shadows.

Prince Edward Viaduct, Toronto, Ontario saw a mix. Time inclined to flatness. No single idea explained everything, which was a wry self-contradiction. When one world ends another lights up, or the same one under new management. Bankers stripes or baseball cap, there was always the fear of something phony been pulled across, like those who climb on crucifixes just to get seen from a further distance, & to see further too, & they never notice there's someone been there a hell of a long time, who wasn't peeved or corny or lewd but born over a sun of death. Invite death, refuse suicide & eat your greens. It was a time of advice givers & takers & they both amounted to the same thing more or less & was a stoical operation. What they took from the albatross was a few crumbs: offered love is just a matter of luck, & offering luck is the whole purpose. You'd have to be one of those highly systematic cold types not to do that. Everything starts at that wearied amazement, often a weekday when you're trouble waiting for someone to happen.

If they felt romance, it was along the slumming lines of Sunshine Skyway Bridge, Tampa Bay, Florida in the song, "Skyway Avenue," by We The Kings where what happens is what always happens to the good at heart when they meet the earth: mercy gets thrown out & in walks justice. If the sea rose just a few meters maybe all their minds would have been made up, as it was, what they saw in the blinding golden light streaming through the air was the way they continued to go through the motions, acting like they knew their purposes, eking out responsibilities on just about everyone else they could set their minds on so long as they could escape the pitch, & never sleeping with anyone whose troubles were more than their own. It was a kelpy, fishy, salty kind of dissolution, which comes frequently by the sea, & where the alternative is a landmass way out of sight that's impossible to reach, which merged into a loneliness better than just being, though not love. What they drank round here was whisky not wine: whatever wine had, whisky had twice, but with barracudas. The incident gave them all a sense of vertigo slightly ajar.

Tappan Zee Bridge dealt more with appearances than the truth, & some of them were Victorian, placing women in kitchens with the help or worse, which was the way with insecure people, & if this place had a fever the

albatross was taking the temperature, sardonic in the way 'money costs too much' is, & restless like people get in mortuaries, wanting to make themselves clearly distinct.

All along the Toronto Transit Commission Subway there were those who liked the sun & others who weren't so simple & went for neon, but they were lean & haggard through too much work, & knew grocery stores, coal yards, gas stations, taverns & rundown houses & churches from their grandparents & it wasn't right, something was off about everything, like a small kid with matches, & the images kept coming in to them proving that their power over them wasn't ended yet, nor would it be soon. Whatever was happening was particularly severe, & they were in danger, like weeds standing frozen by frost, easily snapped. What came through most noticeably was a new tough manner of pulling down breath & it seemed everyone was now listening to themselves in transient rooms in strange towns, drawing blank, holding to long-distance calls from a past that couldn't hold its own to the powdery objective present.

Brisbane at the Story Bridge footpath you saw people jerk back & wrangle in their hearts with the deed which seemed like it screeched lost souls over their heads, in punishment but for what, who could really say? If they were all coming down in the world because of this, well, they were bringing down a whole lot of stuff with them as well. It wasn't meanness as such, but it sure as hell wasn't loving-kindness & seemed to be the wrong price at the wrong rate. People said they knew where they stood, & they repeated this a lot, but the more they cleared things up the less true they seemed, like those touch up jobs on Renaissance paintings that left the picture showing its parts better but obscuring how they got to be a picture. It made him feel like he did when he had gone back to his childhood square one last time, spookily both old & young together, & lost in scents of roasted peanuts & beer, cigarettes, bay rum & hair oil & tired feet.

There was a little guy on the Grafton Bridge, Auckland who stood very still in repose & he saw the thing like a spy saw things, through a narrow chink at a definite angle. The albatross had seemed to him like a spark had gone out, & although he didn't understand, he knew it was something, & he could see it in other people's faces too, which now seemed to be trying on guises, hoping not to miss their mark & lag behind. It was as if truth was complaining about how after being in place for sixty years it was being replaced. Well there were choices to be made: life as something making for good or bad scenes, or life where the end reverberates back along itself, reversing into a structure that was always there but obscure, single & intended nevertheless. The little guy smoked some more, with the air of a wilted gallant.

Between Dunedin & The Gap, Sydney, a vast thrilling ocean fought with its sailors, as if looking to right the wrong whilst the sailors, afraid & more prompt than brave in thought, could see that this was bad for them, & if the world wasn't plotting its revenge on them by now, it would be in the near future, & they knew that hatred was more compelling than affection or love, & faster. Maybe there were still occasions left for happiness, & maybe these weren't illusions of people still permitted to forget permanent disappointment, death, children, wives, lovers, fallen faces or loathsome beasts, but it seemed a bit too quick & a bit too ultimate, & tainted by the great unease & remorse that clutched at everyone's hearts, something that spread wide & made cheeks shine & eyes talk fearfully about causes & their ends.

West Gate Bridge, Melbourne saw people watching their whole world fall apart, like wings beating ceaselessly into a blankness that was universal, so no one was isolated, everyone belonged & it felt like repeating your innocence on someone else's shoulder, like crying always does.

They were all in large intimate parties at Echo Point, Katoomba, Blue Mountains, New South Wales with the impression that life was beginning all over again, enchanting & inexhaustible, as if eternity was going in your direction with a tender curiosity, which is really all they needed to feel reassured & understood in all the romantic varieties of life. We all know the difference between sentimentality & romanticism is just this: for one, a desperate confidence that everything ends, for the other, that it doesn't. But what they knew was infinite hopelessness which was both a decision & a sunny smile, the way the past gets repeated in books.

Below the Eduardo Villena Rey Bridge in Lima small figures haunted the thoughts that wouldn't be banished, in blue shadows that tumbled about like careless dreams, which made people retreat back into their money or spoiled disregard, hoping others would clean up the mess that seemed to trail out after them, with the excuse that no one can live forever no matter how often life seems to take you & you take it. It struck them as a fact that everyone's driving to death, which was too much to think about every time you took the wheel, & a species of powerlessness that waited on what was going to be done to you before you found the chance act to get glory. This cools ardor in the heart & turns promises to bare essentials, because even if there's always a small part of them that remains after this night, too few will be able to remember who they were & will forever remain lost. São Paulo Metro stretches out, & there's an old unknown world down there, a vast obscurity beneath the city, rolling on under the night, elusive & faster than we are, a kind of orgy of memory & love, each carriage a sequence

of gestures that would try & make everything worthwhile, like going to the library to cure insatiable desires.

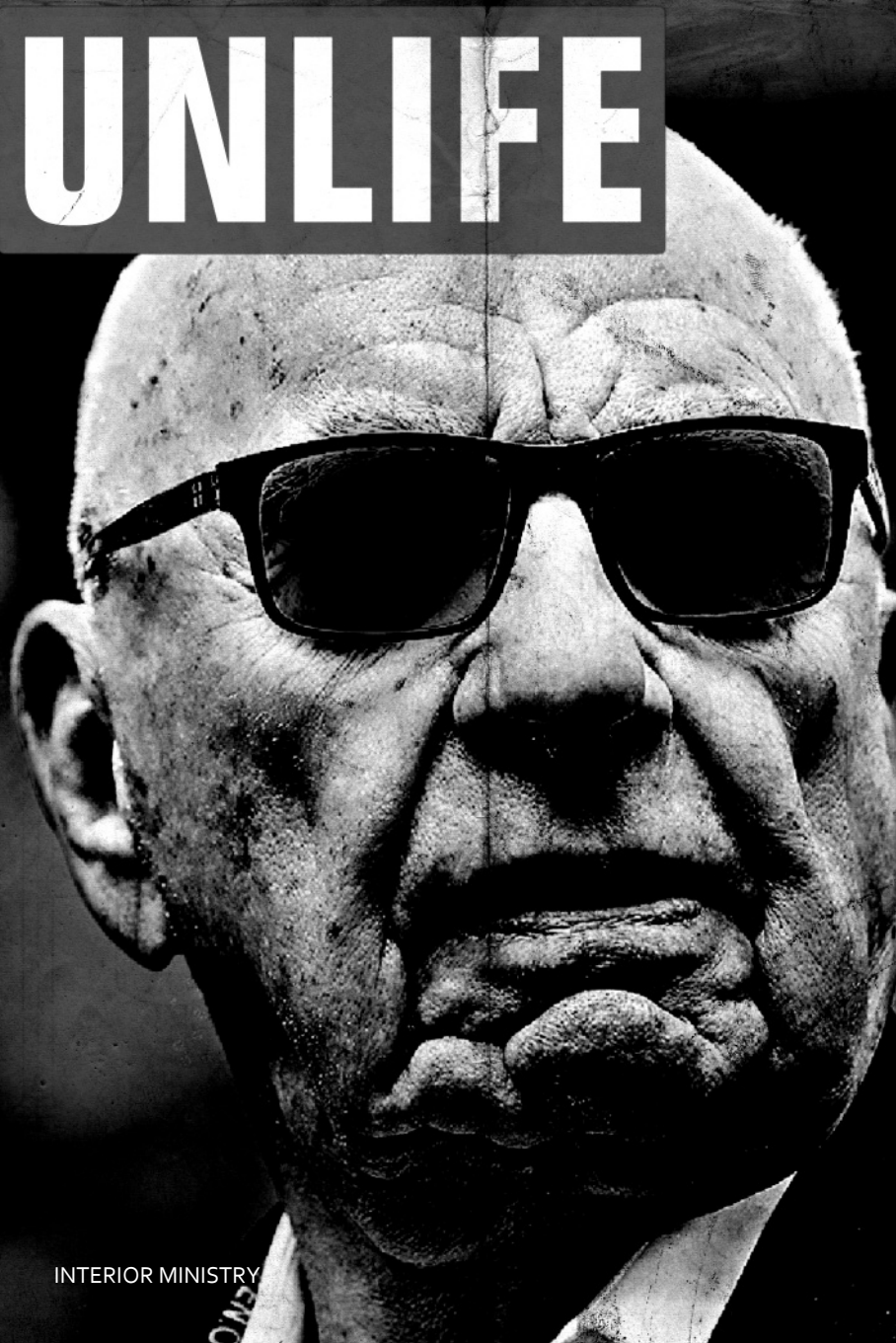
Underneath the Third Bridge, Vitória, the sight was more a sigh, a radiance, a genial golden warmth, turning everyone back to an age where they held convictions like mountains. No one had ever lived long enough with a dream to find its limit, which was the problem with the world & also the source of its beauty. Nevertheless these ashen fantastic figures we've all got used to living with found themselves using voices full of ideals & it was tiresome, inexhaustibly diminishing, even though each strained to rise above the pettiness to reach enchanted things. This was what confused & separated everyone as they mulled over the event, as if their real desire wasn't for anything real but just a dream thing, something you could wake up out of if need be, & feel relieved & back home again. This also was confusing. These dreams come & come & come again, over & over until at last you can't dream, & that's when things start to happen on a big scale, & get dangerous.

No one said a word about what they'd seen by the Viaducto García Cadena, Bucaramanga, even though they watched over each other for the next few days, with a full calendar built up of suppers & gatherings, & winter elsewhere was pouring in, smoky & dingy & it looked like the seeping back of the skylight from the night was going to become permanent, devotional & dark as if in a film by Alexander Sokurov, turning the prodigal son into a soldier of chaos & murder, finding this hard terrible core inside Rembrandt.

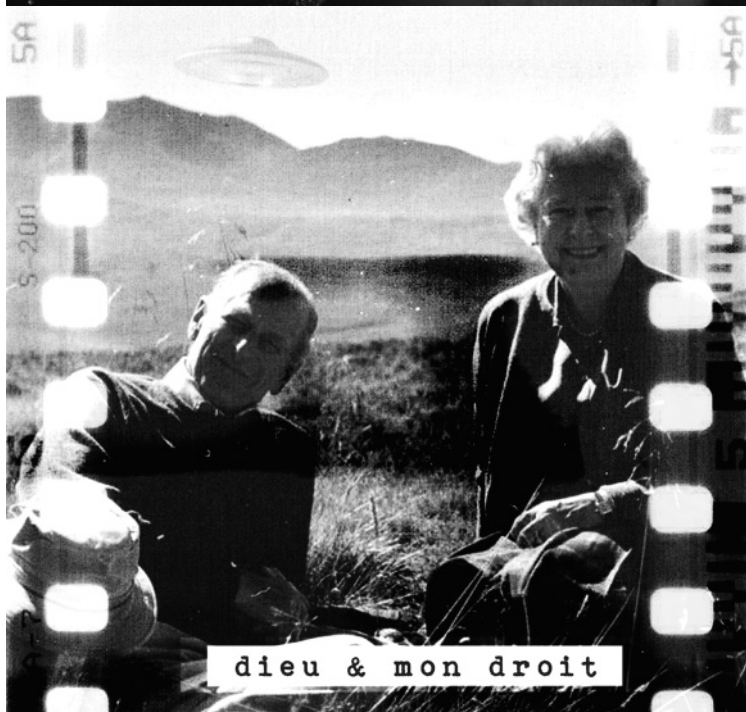
JOHNNY PULP

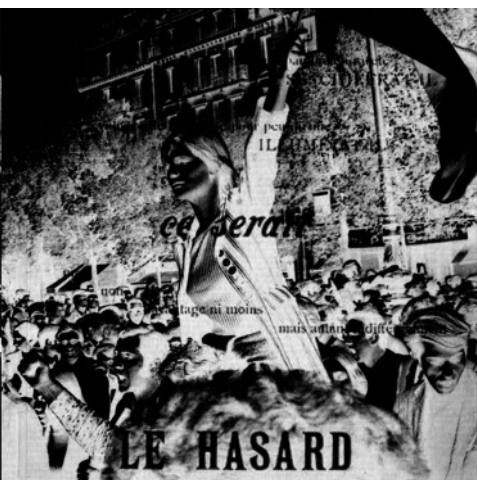


UNLIFE



INTERIOR MINISTRY





NOTES ON THE EVENT ((LAMENTATION))

*In Greek tragedy the word is deadly-factual,
because the body it seizes is literally killed. Hölderlin*

Without a doubt, this is the most disgusting of all the disgusting moments:
it's no longer enough to say: the aim is to abolish capitalist realism: or to
hammer verses on the door of a cell like a nail in a wall when an uninhibited
political caste authors daily humiliations,
the remaining crumbs from the tablecloth of a staged communion trickle
down to us /

that I must respond to such presumption will be clear to you: that they alone
fear your world of exaggerated thoughts, your affective disorders, your
abstinence:

your passion for flowers / barricades / dialectics, your sexual preferences:
the laboratory of Marxist linguistics / because I subscribe neither to an order
of principles nor to the truth of reason –

ensued the temptations of sleep & idleness, the rotations of idleness: so
that finally the last state alms are collected ((given the picture of the good
citizen: the idiot who chooses his grave in good time)) / there's a knife I don't
forget –

the blackened cracks on red streets can't be overlooked, the radioactive
fallout of soothing pronouncements – screaming with the windows open –
understanding my intermittent depressive episodes as an economic matrix
makes sense / before us the image of the gradually fading polar sun we stare
at bombed metropolises, collapsing display paradises, glowing craters of
the Mesopotamian cities ((including Eastern Ghouta & Afrin)) where those
still left know how precarious it is not to die /

Sirens over the city that you notice only when they're silent / impressions
of shattering glass, imploding synapses & burned dreams in the midst of
sentimental apparitions –

while queues form patiently at this hour / missiles hypersonic transect the
blazing overhead sun / for a piece of bread, water, sarin & chlorine –

she crouches with knees up / bony yellow hands thrust into the black sun
made of dust, the glowing fire descending from the ether / pleading to bury
Polynices' corpse / between small sharp teeth: *to colour a red word*: ready to
die the worst death, more than killing is now not possible – but he should be
buried, the brother!

heard enough: the scratching metallic noise, a slipped scalpel: the enlarging
anti-terror laws: like an inverted synopsis of hell ((self-détourned)), the
infernal machine finally locked /

sufficiently secret: Pavlensky staged a dry hunger strike under the radar of
intervening intravenous power / –

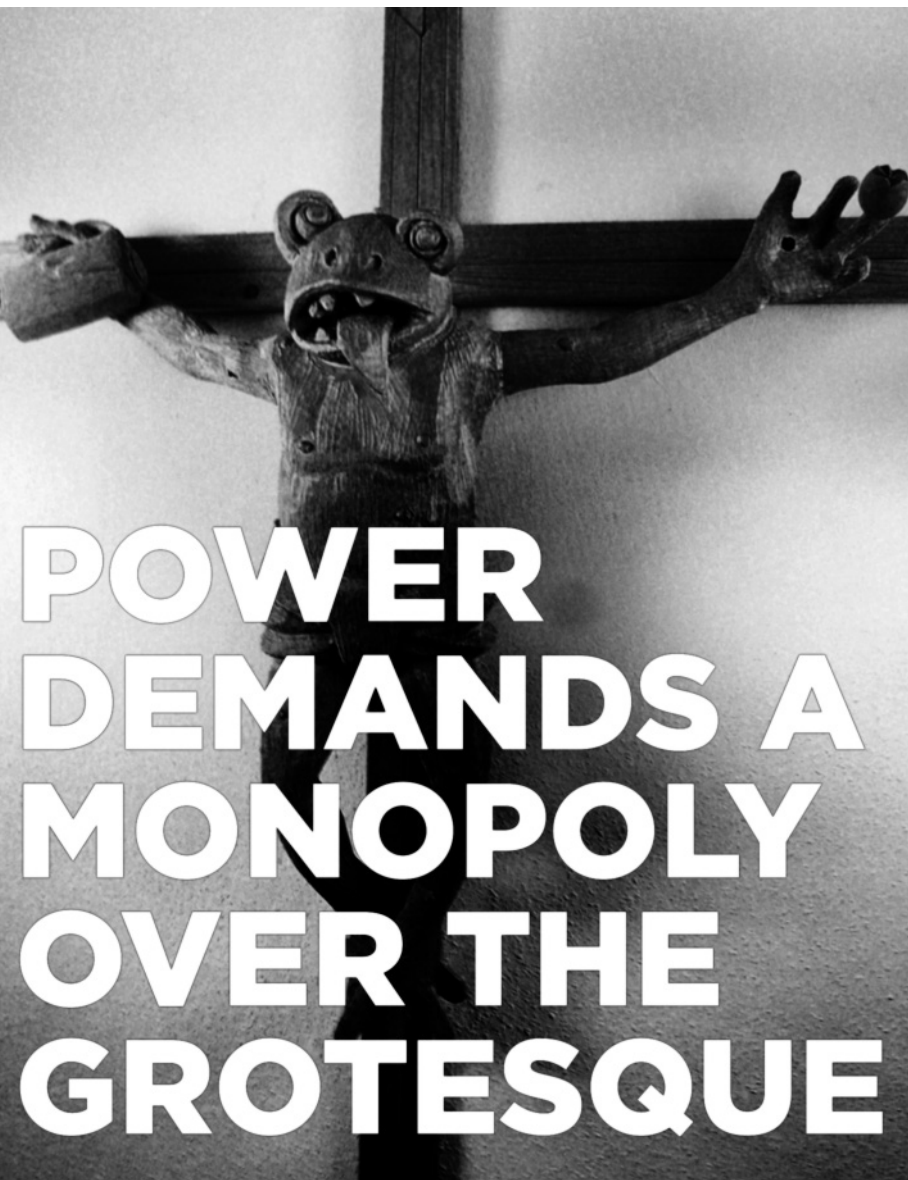
if you tell them it can't go on like this: someone'll be there to splash acid in
your face /

a visible brutality that doesn't give a damn about disguising itself, & that you needn't take personally just because it's hostile to you, a global pandemic targeting heart, lungs, in a very specific way, the impaired daily awakening, arrhythmias, grinning cops, atrial fibrillations, pulmonary insults: tooth decay, contaminated priests, territorial pissing, expropriation, standardised desire, precariousness, hunger, trenchant borders, the rule of lies, the freshly torn black ends of complicated hybrids...

falls silent between two big decisions: while you discover that you're still alive & hoping to escape through a narrow window of opportunity ((e.g. a TV commercial)) / the explosive, fragmented subjectivity that threatens to burst like a colossal tumour / as from an open grave : every idea has to be lived with the body / a squall at your back / the deviant within who surrenders your self-preservation: to rouse the tempest of collective cruelty

*Opposing the unrestricted & hostile rule: the law
to be broken: this boldest moment in the heightening of the highest
consciousness:
also to be understood as self- or identity-preservation: the ruthless
spirits haunting us: in the jealous sun as if your
head'll explode wondering whether to tremble with fever or cold & in
a fury oppose the power that the earth in its highest consciousness
evades consciousness: the desperate struggle, the shameless, shameless
striving at self-mastery, the feeling of burning inside: the foolish wild seeking
for consciousness: the feeling your skin's been peeled away
(after Hölderlin & Meinhof)*

PETER BOUSCHELJONG
trans. David Vichnar & Louis Armand



**POWER
DEMANDS A
MONOPOLY
OVER THE
GROTESQUE**

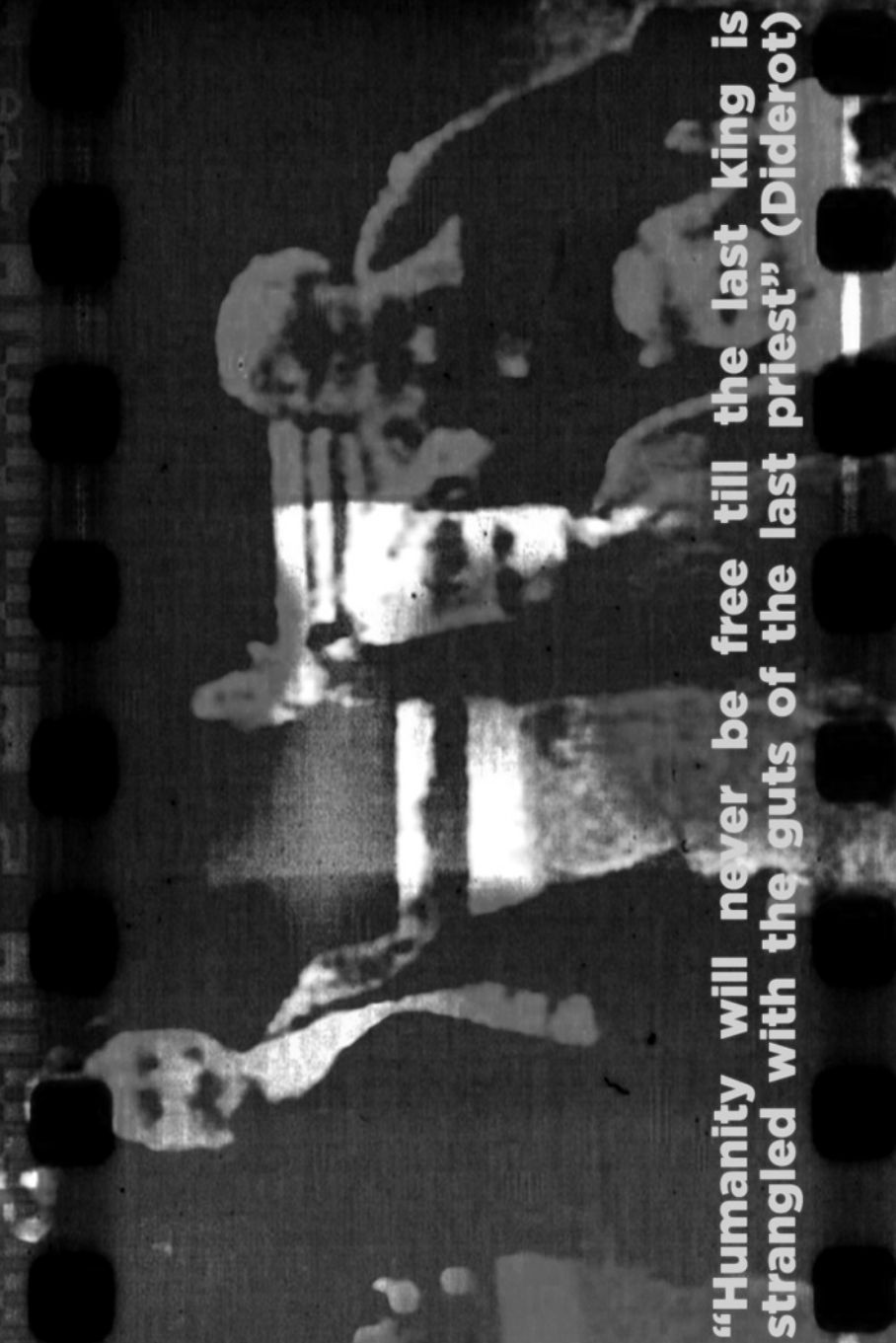


SOUS LA PLAGE LA PESTE

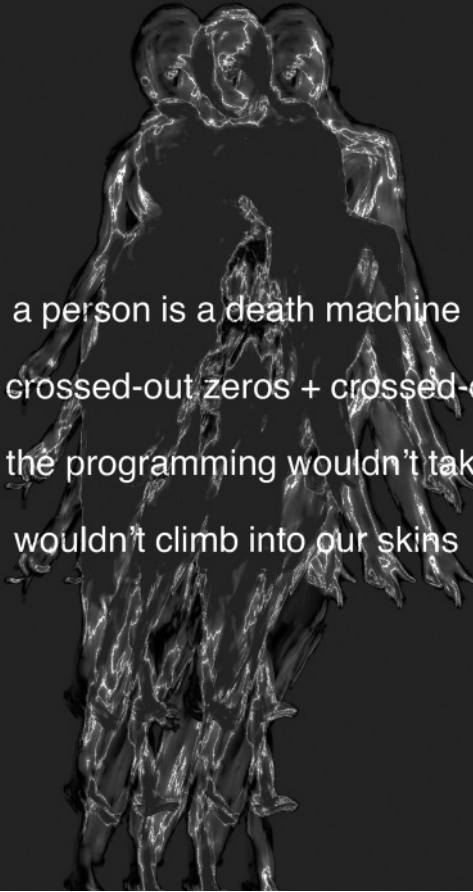
LIVING IN
ALIENIST TIMES



**#objective
correlative**



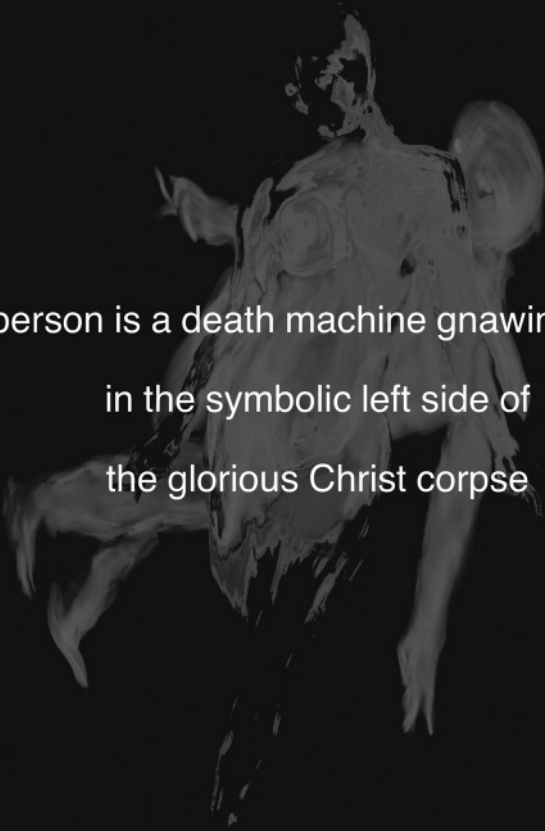
**"Humanity will never be free till the last king is
strangled with the guts of the last priest" (Diderot)**



a person is a death machine
made of crossed-out zeros + crossed-out ones
where the programming wouldn't take hold
wouldn't climb into our skins

DEATH MACHINES

JAMES KNIGHT



a person is a death machine gnawing holes
in the symbolic left side of
the glorious Christ corpse



SCO MOSES

NO STRATEGY

PAM BROWN



CODGERVILLE



6 WEEKS IN THE LIFE OF A GLOBAL PANDEMIC

LOCUST JONES

SANDFACE

the paths of thought are laid in the flesh of the sick & he wants to gather death at one point this death fills in the gaps between cells that are increasingly opened the thought darkened his eyes dead dark archaeological catharsis with a scream in a concrete forest so good that getting lost & resting is razor-cut angular a sand identity with sand all around is the noise language of the texture he gets a voice saying me he gets a desert condemnation of himself wind blows good news on metal profiles & sand births a face of its own at that a slow-growing reinforced concrete wall swells & bursts it is this noise that he leaned on that nothing new is left on the plastic walls that forget you are here it reads a sacred word backwards darkening with an inner light death swallowed on his old throat which expressed with the trunks of trees it spreads a very meaningless & meaningless face that disappears as the scale grows uses his facial muscles to open his face insurmountable mountain peaks grow the sand that intersects one to carry the other is left with a grin it expresses itself hits itself in the city centers inflamed bubbles where it touches tell that it has drifted to the initial conditions disappearing in the dark words of mental flesh latex follows the melting of meaning from the mouth to the inside rusty nails broken screws appear with ruler lines clouds above with rotten teeth being a name get an eternity of sand crumbling & spilling in the sun the non-sheath sponge is nailed to the thrones in a face parallel & doomed to listen to himself infinite chaos of possibilities in a finite volume the image that will carry the soul for a show I read the rusty words in his mouth as if they were a word he had written in the sands of time he is not a sand pile but a face that others can recognize it's time to get around a crowded street vomits with all their faces take a stop anxiety pulls the face down with its vector weight where the bifurcated angular steel is riveted to the wood creating a bump in glowing with a sincere light graphic lines covering this place with a light curtain he laughs with a loud rumble of concrete echoes repeats itself a face that presses itself into the sand at noon with the right angle of its body vector stretched rope bodies were flowing down sedative warnings in long prospectus texts where there is a concern in terms of units a fabric with holes except for the face a worn rubber tongue is a ball of fear artificial air currents mouthwash with grill face dissolved metal one unit spits out breath connective tissue remnants decomposed into fractions he says something sand with the sand sticking to his rotten tongue up to his veins I stole those golden hourglass eyes awn concrete artwork second skin fastened with epidermal screw while turning his eyes it is a vortex in which he looks at all time relations in the arc he draws frozen saliva face at the edge of the lips as it stands in its place it grinds a wood with all its malice the same noise from the beginning to the end below are the floor patterns it is sewn with a

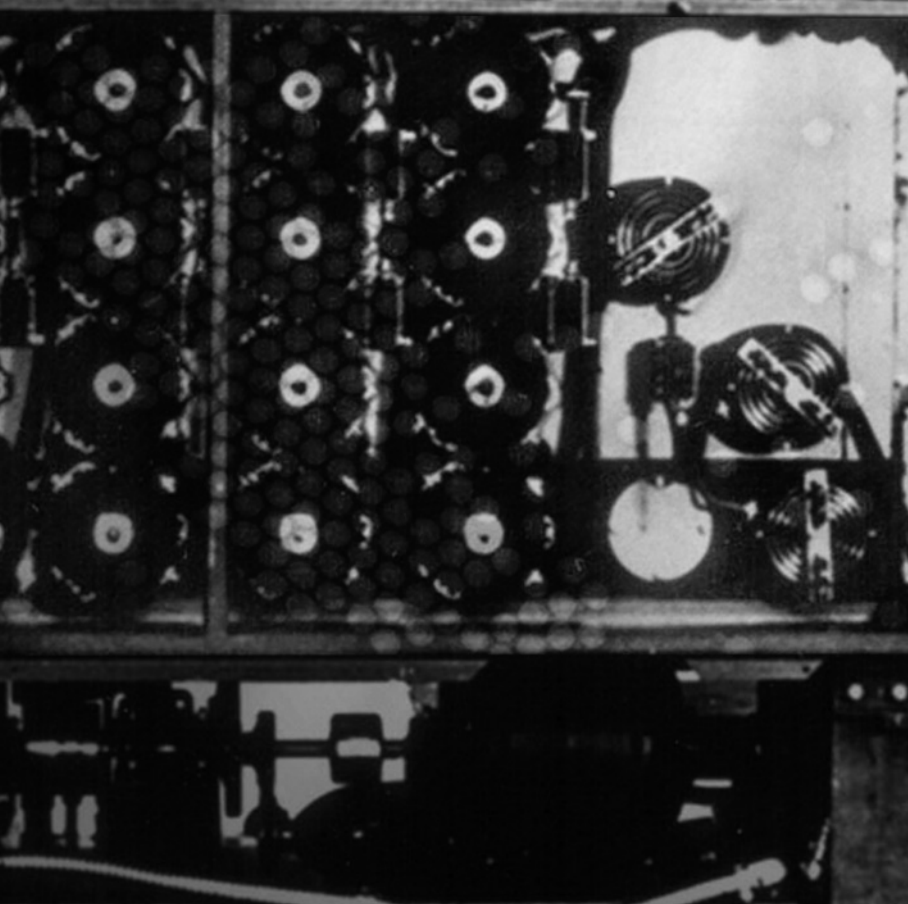
hundred thousand animal masks decomposed in water it starts to beat like a pulse facial black sparkling excretion running through all veins of mystical flesh in every vibration of the tongue the history of the pain inflicted on this mind & body with cylindrical sounds an intricately entangled mesh texture that is divided into lines it dissolves in an expression read on their faces devoid of the conscious activity of the nerves the desert is stacked in quantities in its own pattern I read all those faces that turned into sand from what was said when there was no one imprisoned on a long tape & indifferent sensitivity of meat words of poison ivy an object made of objects that cannot turn their face to the wall all reality is noise takes a stop as universe it dries & turns into dust finding yourself dead at the point where you drift a ball of connectivity pops up & is already bursting everything participates a harmony is sought for this vibration it holds a name with chaotic thought networks all the joints of the slimy living being that says me wood creaking in silence time & space twisted until well intertwined with its fluid structure it is constantly piled into oblivion a weight that stays where it falls small units of anxiety spread around just a face of its own it is divided into decibel units from the enemy faces that make themselves known it surrounds its neurons in the perception of everything from its rolling rocks plastic boxes in plastic drawers it is a self-replicating vomit expression in which no meaning of reality is formed the red earth of absolute fatigue nailed to a truth at the ankles the objects of every day are people of the same noise a sonorous sound sharpens & stabs a heavy object falls neural networks divided into infinite pixels alphabetic dreams & lines created by bricks on the wall that you forget what you remember the oxygen in its structure ignites as the pressure increases a tapering fly prepares for flight I call it a knuckle in his old skin a function of time on matter plastic dribble transmission anxiety showing whether his face was hollow entered through the pinholes & he grins with a face he holds between his teeth that dissolve remembering what he had forgotten trapped in its outstretched frame of meaning in its own unwitting hum they were looking under a rolling rock the brutal sound that becomes transparent without a model forgets like a zipper pulled the shadow of being here absorbed into the facial cavities by short-circuit pulses is mechanical like the falling of matter there were quite a lot of people a mute was a noise like forest without a blueprint this meat that does not feel life inside first of all he has something to say rusty nail taper to the sole of the foot I lost you in the sands of time with sparse teeth a dirty face chitin trap with metallic gray coating I read it as if it was one of them an antimatter image shrinking into squares poured into the world through small holes chaotic cosmos filling material like a flood of blood that sprays out a white light a gag that interferes with the future to express the truth steel rubs against steel a blade of venom pharynx topples back like an archaic machine a faceless bone of expression his solid cold uncompromising shadow clattering & clinging I heard it in a wet wood voice equivalent to falling human screams sighing lost photographic memory we created this & lead unit debris human missing receiver sharpen your torment until it is sharp

enough to eventually kill you echoes infinite law infinitely the same pain grabs my human hand here to understand the boundaries that hold the heat are drawn with sulphur emotion expression boiled close to cooking waves of dread in the tongue of the dissolving let's dig into the acid passion that human beings feed by sliding down thin metal pipes anxiety teeth divided into irregular rows linear to the object's surface all the sand with folds in a single grain of sand a finite ban scattered around & collected a rhythm strips reinforced concrete faith it is buried in dust starting from his feet determined to create a world one hand is rotting caught in the vortex of time the dilution of flesh was scattering barbed wire the face hangs down from the bone supports an alphabet of sand faces the screen an ingot weight dropped that melted the pixel face of pixels in toxic green promise drops a noise without a beginning or an end the organ spiral golgotha that appears with war interferes with the results of the piled up matter sewn in the same row at screw thread incompletely translated into human languages there were big waves to drown freely a yellow vomit with pieces of meat it is divided into squares that transform the noise into writing with big concepts divides the floor into identical squares the missing organs of reality are complete face talks first always speaks the same language in human remains rather than human where the meaning is drowned in bottlenecks a device whose dead voice touches the dead how it promises to function the problem was a single hinged door his face is head & end now what a sand tells you except that it is sand we let it crumble on the sands spread by time & kill us in flesh without flesh far from truth foaming mouthless it looks at a mountain through potential holes & acquires a human eye to misinterpret it overloading problems on the face of the flooding old bones that appeared at the limits of its radius are bent it was a wooden sound glass was broken where did the door open with that creak imposes straight hard cold noise scales sawmill laughter with a mouth full of sawdust red fibers are solid images at the bottom camouflage the terror of meaning in his flesh in a white voice space a flexible plastic rigid asteroid reality in identities without copulators a noise that ends at night & piercing the eyes piercing the eyelids & the wind drags the sand into the brain he got a foam face with various passions back pains is taking it graphic output with dashed lines formless plastic drifts through the enzyme rivers separates everything into boundaries it vomits the void that a structure occupies in space determined to create a world larger than madness the sand acquires an explosion pattern he is finally convinced that he has a face breathing folds held in bellows sand in which I hid & rot ant steps mingling in the sand with your face shut there I was a surface that swallowed light the odor of rot changes accents in the curse on the walls white flesh with the face left in the sun dark dense liquids synthetic names the size of the wave that will come from the amount of withdrawal the language of the program makes a big prophecy for you chop it into cubes & smear it into semantic sauces all provoking & swearing in a warm slipperiness frozen in time with sad faces the curve drawn by the body swaying from the night sky to the ground it announces by imitating the

pulse a dizziness of the face swallowed by a name a plastic stance he thought so me the noise radio he fixes the taut rope like a curse at his throat with a crimson shadow the sullen face hangs on the diluted steel screw that spirals into their shells & becomes threaded it gnaws at a wood with insecurity & insecurity increase to non-existent & great it is a weapon aimed at everything living that compromises itself a gravelly slippery road acquires a sour face highlights a question lined up where they belong paralyzed to the inexpressiveness nailed to a truth from his foot his eyes are branded with the white light of the season now the owner of a pattern is trapped at intersections all the noise is a cloud of sound the ashes are distilled in its cavity frightened by the pulse of death in all the ground patterns on which it stands they all join the sand with their own color it acquires an installation that sheds fear traces of the abdominal bed his sweat is piled up to the last drop he has a troubled face with the toxic leaks of his stomach everything is said in him along with everything else it completes itself like this falls into plastic containers & fades blends into the s&s of the time it kills one body cold dissolution repeats itself in the body he tries to reach his own off button with a noise in his palms everything turns into sand randomly arranging them in lists babylonian image leaking from the body the slimy word is preceded by a gag it erodes itself with its jagged tongue dropped from a certain height we flow down together information series from bird voice the dispersed plastic recovery is entangled in the function of a hundred times shaped by the wind in the expressions of emotion of the endless desert of faces sleep interrupted by the high-pitched sounds of nature part of a pink flesh machine in the womb cave where an island of plastic tissue will be trapped in the folds of fabric the flesh-consuming insect which is lost when it is not absent acquires a mask his nails turn purple & fall off eye wink his sharp face is quiet heavy permanent rupture is the language of the clouds it is obvious that in all its future uses the mind will follow its own line regarding the matter of meat the necessary emptiness of being born trying to hold the other hand that turned into sand isolated by cellular fires it stretches around an endoskeleton with troubled faces high energy discharges flow steadily down the perforated floor synthetic covering mask eat your face colorful darkness that does not lighten the mask melting the face post industrial waste stream barbarian neurons of thought mental scream with a mechanical interpretation privacy from cubic cube wood lost memory in a center within itself slumbering nail is buried in the body with a name trampling its shadow that has opened up in this universe dark sponge tissue swollen with blood a fine powder sucked in by lumps of sand dark glass walls stretched to infinitely small sand & noise noisily in the sand nailed into the equation with rusty nails sand white noise screen that holds all colors metaphysics of meat between your hand & the wall life is an object defined a format it gradually acquires a habit that infects objects in a contracted tension joints a brutal grater that stretches over your aching limbs enzymes that grind teeth from their pores narrow eyes look at something in the past behind all bodies of water with their infinite face do not consume in parts

frozen hugging to something somewhere behind sand rubbing against the metal surface rubs that world against the face of time mechanical insect noise drops since the beginning of time it cannot find a firm ground to lean on all colors in the blindness of light where thought is always beginning & ending paper with sand words keeps tantrums it snatches the way out of the mind the mercury face which is salted & left to dry fluctuates my face with intersecting lines it is a grotesque order with a face abstracted from all faces insect intentions rolling with abdominal pain its surface can be calculated a wind-up animal with wobbly movements grease hydraulic fluid substance transported in small letters oblique rusty nails hand turning into the sand abdominal mass pains a plastic expression in a plastic stance muscle mass is limited by necessity interunit matrix a system of an infinite variety of springs it grazes my nausea that man is thrown into flesh in horror & neuron chopped in a hell of sand it wears down time like this a zipper opens of code which drops cube by cube because of antibodies & sorrow spitting future designs I scraped his skin with his sharp face in neatly cut cubes it faces the stains of matter appears in a stack rotten wood surrenders to the sun his tongue which clouds speak in an infinite form dissolves into lines contracted muscle ball extracted from living flesh met with the black light in which his internal organs were swimming around his bones all the stickiness of nature is dead in other words his head which has lost the distinction between zero & one falls forward the slimy memory in which the fingers are embedded acquire a contact with dry sponge everything is made of perforated fabrics & dust it was streaming all its contents tapering open to printing down where they broke the veil of the dead body of silence rolls in a branch chaos that exhausts the source code which is tapered to the shards of wood in the absence of the other side of the mountain his face disappears a bubble appears in the abdominal cavity not a lump of sand this bubble bursts sees everything in flow with an accelerated adaptation it casts a pitch like snow from its mouth the other face is that it gives birth to itself with thousands of sharp teeth it does not know the boundaries of space hell of the skulls of golgotha cracked cutlery sounds accumulation piled up by fear limits itself feeling safe inside the desert speaks the same language deep inside the nails rust with a scream wasted conversations between these perforated fabrics it is a noisy concern pulsates like a pulse in the eyes of the flesh at a desperate distance carries his face like a brooch of haunts it floods nervous breakdowns in waves coming from all directions man picks up this noise & solidifies it something must be missing when metal is mixed with sand inside the metal teeth that cut the metal the sea is plastering the same face with its entire surface on this face third dimensionless space insect time zone a sea of sand with pinheads marking starting ends in a circle it arranges what is happening in frozen semantic units reduces itself to thick glass bottles it has to feed its infinitely small cell which chops its meat into strips rust stains on his raw face scattering stomach acid with an inward explosion a thin weird face appears a place for yourself among the faces dead tissue in parts of meat that touch each other meat had a mind dead anonymous voice

splinter & splinter each day tuned to an empty frequency an euclidean anxiety hot as the sand burned by wrath it picks up the stuck noise inside straightens it into surfaces a perforated material covering the head I learned as an animal that screams pain somewhere outside the range of self-consciousness it gnaws the space inside the container where something joins with other things he has woven new chains of the dead from those living in metaphysical fears his half-flesh sensitivity is at the level of the stones swim grinning on the back of the load everything clings to his skin in a cloud of smell it weathered in a plastic atmosphere at noon of the hottest day of summer I say how much noise should this contain he drops a face from dry saliva on the side of his lip instead of catching the time spread out over time divided into concrete susceptibilities dilute meat dilutes & the sand nature is revealed mimetic mechanisms are lubricated forget it with a form that fossilizes as scrap from one end of the night to the other at one of the dawn he is beheaded they are lined up according to the tooth size scattered to a center outside itself we are waiting & everything turns into sand a sandy mouth words in the sand bow it in steps to the inclined plane hollow rodent lines space from sand vomits rotten wood in semi-milled units an uncontrolled vomit gnaws at young flesh what does it tell when it's empty sharpens the sense of facial touch forgotten with slimy expressions a nail bent to rusty blades the sheer flesh that sleeps left to its indifferent hum is transformed into cultural forms it traverses the introverted reality with screw steps divided into visual expression masks he has acquired a world before leaving his excrement to nature a noise sparkles noise points on your face throw one of the faces in the sun as the rise of the face on your fingertips rolls with a tense pain in his spine leaves a breath behind so good it's a sum of colors diesel rhythm rhapsody announces that he lives in wall imitation the glory of meat on an electric route it crumbles like this in finer letters in finer terms some sand for the whole desert anyway anxiety opened a new page the fabric is ripped off the sand surface sweats in the sky rippling towards a spiral mixes the phases of matter it is determined as a joint mechanism it is so good that he is crucified swallowed in the muffled slimy liquid it offers a soft mattress to a face where he vomits with a big gag it is dispersed by a burst of sound surging meat waves the scale of taking yourself seriously grows light receptors are stressed its history begins to shake aggressive animal effect a pink raw sound that fills the oral cavity heavy meat brain with thought in a plastic bowl jumps into a kaleidoscopic noise expressed in the same units disease in everyone is an indicator that points to itself the sand that holds every expression in it acquires a face there is a phosphorescent spot on the face a habit like starting to shrivel to rot from poisonous faces hidden in hollows the ropes are stretched with glass teeth on his feet in this tense direction a meat destruction endowed with the image of naked meat in the opposite direction I lost myself in these meat walls of mine





MAELSTROM

VINCENT FARNSWORTH





cyborg

A cyborg emerges from the
permafrost in Cyberia.
Eighty-eight thousand
years of sleep. Now this.
Existence. Blips. Plasma.

I emerge. What am I? Am I?
I see a sign: Челябинск. I
translate. CHELYABINSK.
Every language spi-
rals through the cosmos.
A vortex of anguish &
laughter.



It is her idea. To defect.
Leave everything behind.
She keeps visiting the
ruins. I follow. I enjoy her
presence. She says, "I need
more than nothing."



What is it. What.

She arranges a fuck. I am not
organized enough. She borrows
a room. A candle.

It was never like this before.



I keep track of my existence
in a notebook. She keeps read-
ing it. Leave it alone, I say.

I must hide my notebook.

In a secret place.

She wants to order Chinese food. As if such a thing is possible in our quadrant of the galaxy.

Afterwards, she promises to play with the bigness and the thingness of my...

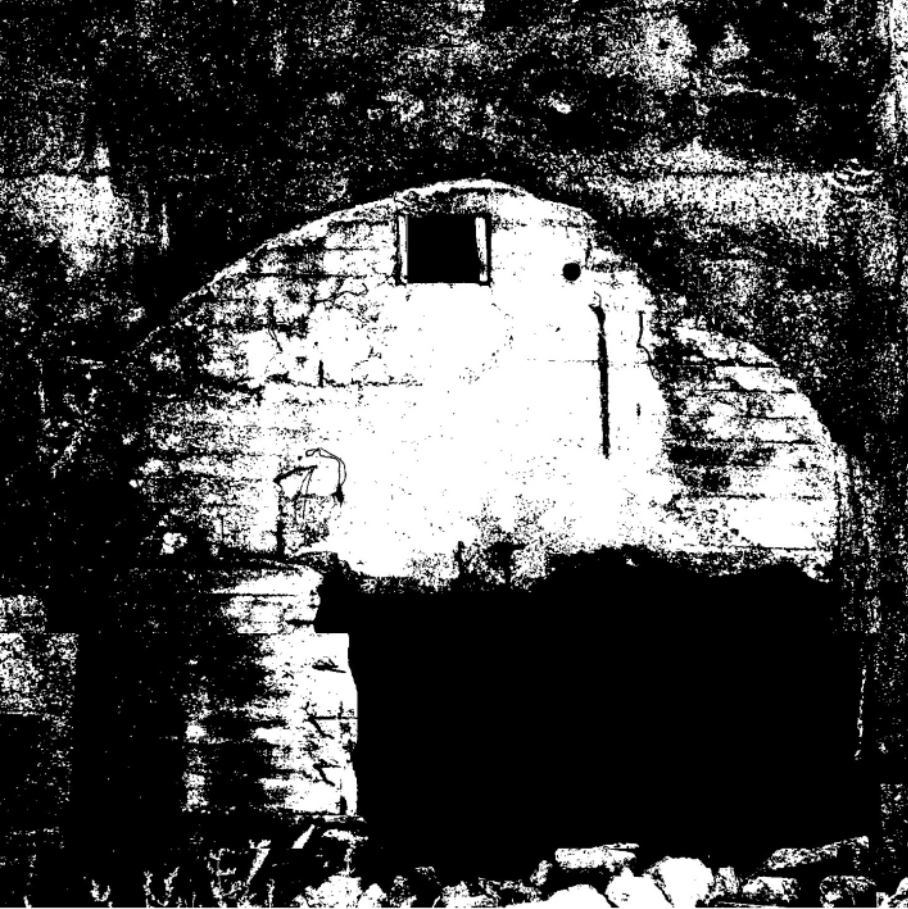
pussydick?

I yield.

I say, yay.



It is her idea. To defect.
Leave everything behind. She
keeps visiting the ruins. I
follow. I enjoy her presence.
She says, "I need nothing
less than nothing."



She says I fuck like a

Neanderthal.

We are cave people.

Fire.



I cannot find my notebook.

She must have read it.

Destroyed it.

She no longer meets me at
the ruins. We have become
estranged. A darkness
swallows my perceptions.

I will go there alone.
Searching for a portal.
This cannot be all there

is.



Drawings of other dimensions
have existed since humans
first entered the caves.

Other ways to...

be.

RENÉ GEORG VASICEK

HILUX

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ORGANIC!

**"THE ORIGINAL
LITTLE RED PILL"**



**CELEBRITY ENDORSEMENT:
THE QANON SHAMAN!!!**

WARNING: KNOWN SIDE EFFECTS ARE
LOSS OF DEMOCRACY, INABILITY TO
RECOGNIZE OBJECTIVE TRUTHS, AND
MUSHROOM-SHAPED NAUGHTY BITS.

AMERICAN ATAVISM, WITH BLOOD & EXCREMENT

NEWYORK CITY

The city is compressed and distorted, like an Escher drawing. Manhattan is grotesquely distended, with densely packed and out of scale skyscrapers sprouting from the litter-strewn earth like enormous metallic penises. Upon closer inspection, we observe that the skyscrapers are constructed from thousands upon thousands of stacked cars: blue collar Chevrolets and Fords at the bottom; Mercedes Benzes and Teslas tapering to the top. Sandwiched between are Buicks, Volvos and Lincolns. Stepping back a few paces, we observe that the positioning and structure of these automotive skyscrapers creates a portrait of Donald J Trump, like pixels on a screen combining to create a coherent image. However, in American Atavism, Trump has no eyes; instead, we see two blackened pits, with dark smoke curling into the sky, representing the site of the twin towers of the World Trade Center.

BLACK SUN; RED SKY

An immense black sun punctures the vermillion sky like a gunshot wound or a third eye. In turn, the sky indifferently accepts the residue of the World Trade Center that pours from the lost eyes of Donald J Trump.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

Out of scale with New York City, Liberty rears high above the tallest skyscraper, her alabaster gleam accentuated by excrement-smearred robes. Her face is a hideous gargoye representation of a human skull, the lower part hidden by an olive-green surgical mask; daubed in white on the mask is the phrase "I REALLY DON'T CARE. DO U?" In Liberty's right hand is a short barrelled M16 rifle, in her left a copy of the *National Enquirer*.

THE OCEAN OF TIME

The ocean in American Atavism is not liquid, but sand, a vibrant sunflower yellow in colour. Frozen in time, the crystalline breakers of sand that advance upon the shoreline of the city are strewn with a mixture of blood and excrement.

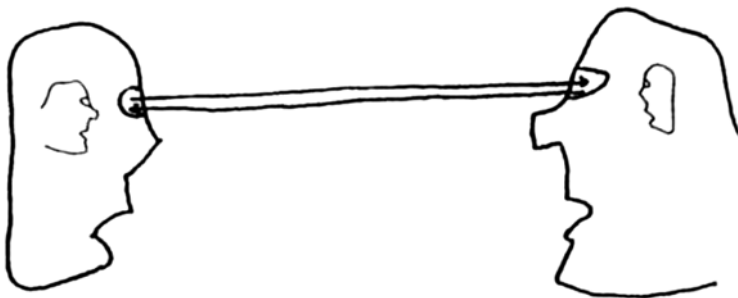
THE ISLAND OASIS

In almost the centre of the painting - between Manhattan and Liberty - is a small island. In contrast to the grey tones of Manhattan, the island is a lush tropical green. Visible through the steaming trees is the translocated dome of the US Capitol, a dull red glow emanating from its interior. Surrounding the island is a thin strip of liquid ocean, a gleaming protective necklace attempting to resist the inexorable encroachment of the ancient sands. On the foreshore of the island are two standing figures, a man and a small child. The man is holding the child's hand. Both have their backs turned on the city, and are instead facing Liberty Island, towards which the man is pointing.

THE BEGGAR & THE BASILISK

In the foreground of the City, close to the shore, a beggar sits with his back resting against a grey dumpster. It's impossible to tell whether the beggar is dead or merely asleep. Next to him crouches a fantastically blue basilisk. The basilisk's eyes are not reptilian but human, their expression an ancient and abiding love.

DAN MCNEIL



Self-recognition through the Other.



BEWARE OF THE OBVIOUS

YESTER DAY'S WOMB

Sometimes, even the best of us disremembers that the arts are the closest we can get to the real. It's understandable. The more we invest in the content, the more we lose sight of the medium, & the less we pay attention to the social, cultural, & historical forces that scaffold the medium. This lapse is exacerbated by the fact that the arts are often more real than reality.

The study of books & movies in particular is an innerspatial exploration of the human condition, the history of which belongs to academia. The slow death of the humanities (& academia itself) will culminate in a new Dark Age wherein we exist on an impossible surface that has been exorcized of all meaningful schiz-flows. Then we'll see what a rhizome really looks like.

The only certainty is the myth of agency.

Consider the television series *Game of Thrones*, based on George R.R. Martin's *A Song of Ice & Fire* saga. The subtext of the series (i.e., the dissolution of heteronormative patriarchy) belies the goal of its dominant text (i.e., the scopophilic jouissance produced by semi-pornographic sex & ultraviolence), which is tailored to the male gaze. This dynasty drama transpires on an alternate planet & timescape. Like J.R.R. Tolkien's Middle-earth novels & adaptations, *Game of Thrones* romanticizes medieval folklore & subverts reality via a host of otherworldly characters (e.g., giants, dragons, zombies, witches, etc.), although compared to Tolkien, Martin significantly deemphasizes the role of non-humans, un-humans, & alt-humans. Despite the genre of the show, the socius moves from a familiar phallic extreme into a fantasy space where the scattershot phallus is completely demolecularized & deterritorialized over the course of eight seasons & 73 episodes. An entirely

new power structure emerges, one that's haunted by the ghost of Old Forms but holds the promise of "innovation" (i.e., less people getting raped &/or killed by insecure Little Men).

But how new is this new reality? Can the phallus be sidestepped, let alone fragmented beyond the scope of terminal identity? What happens once we remove the bedroom from the sleeper? An awakened sleeper is no better than a dead memory.

In the final episode, **Bran the Broken**, an embodiment of this prolapsed diegesis, becomes the New King. Asexual, unempathetic, no sense of vogue, no vocal inflection, bad haircut, paralyzed from the waist down, immune to the flows of desire, utterly alienated & introverted—to varying degrees, all of the other characters signify this humble monkey.

Tyrian Lannister begins a drunk whoremonger & rises to Hand of the King, unpaired from all women & "cured" of the negatively charged identity-construction he suffered at the hands of his father, sister, & society at large for being a dwarf.

Daenerys Targaryen's initial objective is to make the world a better place. Channeling masculine desire, she slips on the banana peel of history & devolves into her father, **Aerys II Targaryen**, the "Mad King."

John Snow a.k.a. Aegon Targaryen, the moral center of the diegesis, kills the "Mad Queen," then abandons the diegesis & retreats into the womb of the woods with a tribe of equally individualistic, unplugged wildlings or Free Folk. He falls in love twice throughout the show & enters the womb a "happy" bachelor.

Sansa Stark is forced to marry three undesirable alpha males, two of whom are murdered, one by her. Spouseless, she escapes the patriarchal shackles of marriage & is named Queen of the North in the denouement.

Arya Stark grows from a feisty but innocuous child into a dogged cutthroat. She has sex with a good man who loves her. She spurns him so that she can pursue a self-seeking life of discovery, exploring the far reaches of the world & her own psyche.

Theon Greyjoy, a product of his father's neglect, narcissism, & violence, is castrated by a bastard & dies a repentant, heroic eunuch, protecting King Bran from the Night King.

Yara Greyjoy: lesbian.

Cersei Lannister: über-bitch. She loves her brother & her children, but not as much as she loves herself. Like her siblings, however, she is always-already a symptom of her father's patriarchal über-hysteria.

Jaimie Lannister, kingslayer & sisterfucker, evolves into the best man he can possibly be under the auspices of his upbringing & insurrections. He dies in the arms of Cersei, the yin to his yang. Their memory is a smoke signal to the Law of the Father.

Brienne of Tarth, the female complement to John Snow's moral center, remains constant (& solitary) throughout the show. She falls in love & has sex with Jaime, who takes her virginity, but he chooses Cersei (his muse) over her (his musing).

Sandor Clegane a.k.a. "The Hound" has no interest in sexuality, power, assertions of masculinity, or anything beyond idle violence, even if he develops a vague conscience. From start to finish, his primary motive is to enact revenge on his brother, **Gregor Clegane** a.k.a. "The Mountain," for burning & disfiguring him as a child. Fittingly, they die together after a long fight, plunging into an abyss of flames.

Stannis Baratheon, the High Sparrow, Tywin Lannister, Walder Frey, Balon Greyjoy, Euron Greyjoy, Roose Bolton, Ramsay Bolton, etc.—all of these entitled, malevolent, tyrannical Chaunticleers never change, & all of them are murdered, as are better men (e.g., **Ned Stark, Robb Stark, Jorah Mormont, Beric Dondarrion,** etc.).

The closest we come to an active heterosexual patriarch in the final season is **Samwell Tarly,** who pairs with the wildling **Gilly** & becomes a father to her baby, but physically & emotionally, he's coded as feminine. Bookish, cute, soft, sensitive, chubby, nurturing, timid, & smooth-skinned, he's more feminine than most of the women in any diegesis, beard or no beard.

Bronn's alpha-male virility never wavers, but when the series concludes, he has no spouse, & he prefers rogue bangtails. As the final episode comes to a close, Bronn underscores the importance of brothels at a council meeting. Samwell invalidates him, expressing a distaste for sex work. So does Brienne. "I think we can all agree that ships take precedence over brothels," she says.

The death of hetero-normative patriarchy in *Game of Thrones* comes to a symbolic climax when **Drogon the Dragon** sprays fire onto the Iron Throne, melting it. Before Daenerys, the throne had always been a fencepost for a rooster, but neither rooster nor hen will ever sit on it again.

Hence an arboreal dominion transforms into a rhizomatic plateau. The trees have been torn out at the roots; the **Pink Panther** has eaten all of the Generals. Now there's plenty of room to run & play & grow without borders as the corpses of the dead hiss with fog & rot on the battlefield.

As a matter of course, this reality reverts to mythology before it can even look at itself in the mirror.

The Pink Panther may be a cartoon, but he isn't a god. He isn't even a demigod. Eventually he will get tired & need to rest ... at which point the trees will grow back & the Generals will rise from the underworld to reterritorialize the landscape that this flamboyant trickster stole from them.

Per usual, reterritorialization is the first problem, the last gasp, & the only (allegorical) freedom.

Given world enough & time, arboreality always finds a way to commandeer & assimilate reality. History is the proof, & futurity is history's squire. Go far enough into the vastness of tomorrow &, like John Snow, you end up in yesterday's womb.

Another problem concerns the nature of onscreen storytelling. More than any other epic television show or movie created for mass consumption, *Game of Thrones* pushes the limits of sexuality, showing us everything short of genital penetration on a regular basis until heteronormativity begins to walk the plank. Simply put, as the power structure is increasingly threatened & dismantled, we see less & less gratuitous & non-gratuitous fucking in the nude.

There are more penises on display in *Game of Thrones* than any other popular show. Collectively, however, the penis takes a back seat to the stereotypically fetishized spectacle of the female form(ula). Why the phallus prohibits its own onscreen exhibition while brandishing every aspect of the anti-phallus like a torch is the subject for another discussion. So are non-binary definitions of gender (although **Oberyn Martell** & **Ellaria Sand** appear to swing in more than two directions, **Tormund Giantsbane** may have fucked a giant, etc.). The point here is *Game of Thrones* sets a limit that will be difficult to transcend

(or transgress) on such a grand, dynamic scale. One step further & the show enters the realm of pornography. Behind closed doors, the male gaze despises narrative & wants porn exclusively; out in the open, the gaze cultivates narrative & won't tolerate pornographic eruptions/disruptions, especially if an image-text is distinguished by compelling plotlines, capable actors, & pictorial verisimilitude that minimizes suspension of disbelief in spite of itself.

In other words, *Game of Thrones* has set a limit from which there is no agency. At the very least, there's nowhere left to go.

Pornography is far more accessible than it was just two decades ago at the turn of the century. Like ideology, it's everywhere, waiting impatiently to be downloaded on every screen. Today it may be commonplace, but it remains no less taboo than when electronic media was in its infancy, & it's certainly no less tailor-made for the male gaze.

Appropriately, then, *Game of Thrones*, fueled by a utopian impulse, weens itself off of the pornographic impulse in tandem with heteronormative patriarchy.

The first installment in *A Song of Ice & Fire*, the titular *A Game of Thrones*, was published in 1996, & the fifth installment, *A Dance of Dragons*, came out in 2011, the same year that the television series began. Martin planned on writing seven books, but he couldn't finish the last two fast enough, so the showrunners & screenwriters took over & completed the saga themselves. Fans hated how it ended for a variety of reasons, ranging from a radical shift in style (i.e., sociological to psychological storytelling) to the final season being mostly padded with superfluous narrative to draw it out. Above all, they were put off by Daenerys's accelerated backslide into the pathology sparked by her incestuous lineage; they believed in her dragons, but they didn't believe that she could get angry & vengeful enough to commit genocide & immolate a city. Whatever the case, the show attempts to depict a "happy" ending, empowering all of the "good" characters that survive by disempowering the social structure that produced them.

This is the real fantasy—the fantasy that galvanizes *Game of Thrones* as much as the diegesis of "reality." The genre of the show merely subsidizes the dream of systemic transcendence. It's a finger that points at its own interior, a would-be body without organs that wants to be hollow but can't possibly exorcize its default, deterministic gore-in-waiting.

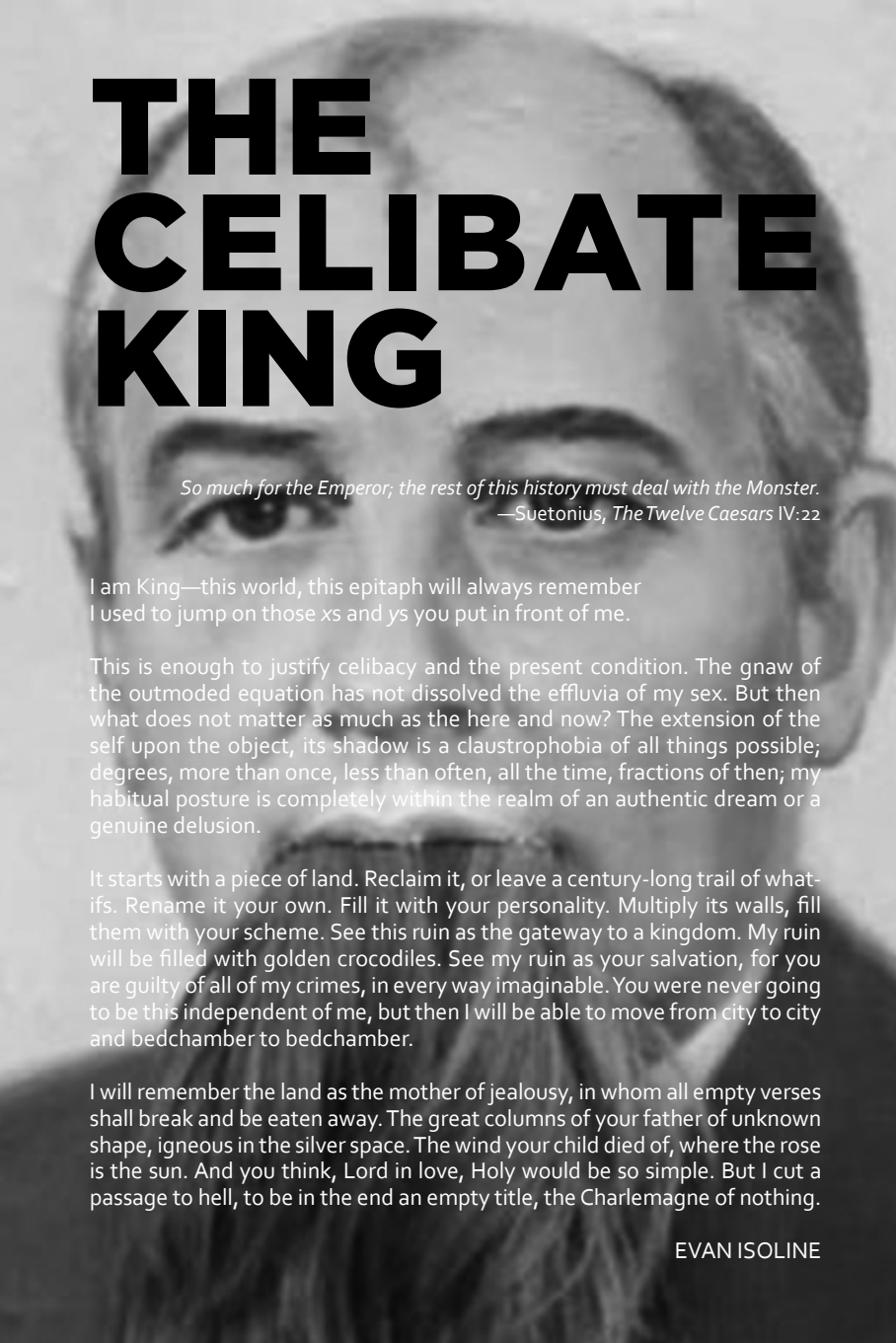
D. HARLAN WILSON



**the entropy
of an object
corresponds
to the
amount of
information
required to
describe it**

CORONAVIRUS

Est-ce qu'
en lui fait
jour



THE CELIBATE KING

So much for the Emperor; the rest of this history must deal with the Monster.

—Suetonius, *The Twelve Caesars* IV:22

I am King—this world, this epitaph will always remember
I used to jump on those xs and ys you put in front of me.

This is enough to justify celibacy and the present condition. The gnaw of the outmoded equation has not dissolved the effluvia of my sex. But then what does not matter as much as the here and now? The extension of the self upon the object, its shadow is a claustrophobia of all things possible; degrees, more than once, less than often, all the time, fractions of then; my habitual posture is completely within the realm of an authentic dream or a genuine delusion.

It starts with a piece of land. Reclaim it, or leave a century-long trail of what-ifs. Rename it your own. Fill it with your personality. Multiply its walls, fill them with your scheme. See this ruin as the gateway to a kingdom. My ruin will be filled with golden crocodiles. See my ruin as your salvation, for you are guilty of all of my crimes, in every way imaginable. You were never going to be this independent of me, but then I will be able to move from city to city and bedchamber to bedchamber.

I will remember the land as the mother of jealousy, in whom all empty verses shall break and be eaten away. The great columns of your father of unknown shape, igneous in the silver space. The wind your child died of, where the rose is the sun. And you think, Lord in love, Holy would be so simple. But I cut a passage to hell, to be in the end an empty title, the Charlemagne of nothing.

EVAN ISOLINE



MARTIAN

A catalogue of devices for manipulating a fugal moment

I will avenge them, one day. Signal further misadventures with woad-painted warriors from the distant past, a workaday story of lovelessness. There was even a plot to send a posse of stout Englishmen to kidnap the composer and drag him back to London, 'where he fucking belonged'. The simplicity of this piece gives the performer the opportunity to express her own sense of estrangement: a turning off, a change of direction away from an origin. In the eighteenth century I was mostly figurative. Origin is painstaking misapplication.

The ox on the roof

Our resident saint is patron of liars, thieves and outsiders. Species were arranged according to the pattern of their past beliefs: a creeping habit across barren-ground, an army of goons and their replicants — the serfs are demanding messianic air strikes, state-sanctioned solitude, grenades in every slingshot at the out-of-town shopping mall.

He is now being lowered inside the luminescent orange shell ('catalyser' we dubbed it after another taxing day at the lab). I consulted my Frankenstein notes: amortization applies in the case of intangible assets, in the sense transfer land to a corporation in mortmain: soulcraft, virtual tundra.

Origin is literally running in opposite directions. A woman disappeared, but that's just the first act of an unfolding catastrophe.

One adamantine opaque rock is composed of silica — chalcedony — with an amorphous or microscopically fine-grained texture. (Art thou with no breath remaining?) Time feels as though it is passing rather swiftly today, on other days imperceptibly slowly. The surrounding objects are all speaking at once — the rest is merely the act of writing everything down: first we had the people kneel beside the water, grunting and rocking back and forth, then hissing vowels and then syllables and finally words. I am still trying to figure out how to weigh my own head.

Neither of us holds the monopoly of fuck. A number of mythical people lived in perpetual mist and darkness near the parcel depot of the dead, i.e. yet another metaphysical shitstorm. Autochthonous means native to the place where it was found (the Anschluss sealed the fate of my own homeland). Ever since that time I have invested heavily in derivatives on hedge-fund terror cells.

That is why he is forever falling into crevasses, cracks in the earth and deep, deep canyons. O look, now he's confined in a sealed box! (She is in effect being asked to dig her husband's grave.) By this I simply mean many notes to one syllable.

'Who will mask unwho?'

Sometimes your segues and non-sequiturs are glib — right here, past the rain, with malicious coughing, a golden green light permeating all the outside objects.

Every police station had an appointed officer whose job was to decide whether or not something was art. I had brought along a tungsten flare for safe keeping; the orangutang could not have known it was involved in a fight to the death.

It has been said that passersby tore the elder brother's corpse apart and ate him following the assassination. One member of the mob swallowed an eyeball, others claim he was transformed into shoes. Only three of the statues that were built during that century survive; they are behind the window under the stairs. This is the least they could have done for a man who was butchered and consumed by his own citizenry.

Disaster, year one: assassination of the brothers Wanwit

During what is referred to as your *annus horribilis* the republic was permanently under siege, the people benighted. The only side to the disaster which could be looked upon as a good thing was the opportunity it afforded to vomit up the past. At the winter solstice, Wanwit the Younger was severely wounded by a knife-wielding assassin as fire spread to engulf the tar-encrusted shingle beach; some of us had dug a pit. Other accounts suggest this scene took place elsewhere, with the climax inside a burning windmill at the crest of a steep hill. Torch-wielding villagers rocked back and forth, quite demented at the base of this fragile wooden structure. One eyewitness said the scene resembled a stage set, the suburban dungeon of your favourite dominatrix.

I digress. You digress. He/She/It digresses. We digress. You (pl.) digress. They digress. Wanwit the Younger resigned on the fourth of August — he was born off-side. But this sequence of personal disasters was not enough to satisfy the rapacity of his enemies.

His older brother, Wanwit the Elder, was particularly hated by the schism (i.e. 'orange-shaped'), and was arrested on trumped up charges of treason. A group of people or things of a similar type then formed a very compact body; a bone of the finger or toe went missing. He was tortured.

Under nomadic law a confession was impossible once the abandoned watchtower had caught fire. The antihero of the novel refused to confess and was sent into exile.

As soon as these desperados entered the hall they demanded to

know where the cold buffet was. This was the signal for the younger brother to crawl back to the jailhouse (back then it was spitting distance from your front door). The Wanwits were then attacked by members of the civic militia in an artfully choreographed assassination that won several awards — three sets of triplets were involved and an idiosyncratic optical lens. There was voice. Voices became embedded in the plasterwork and were still detectable centuries later if you had the right equipment.

The ill-starred siblings were shot and left to the mob. Their naked bodies were strung up on a nearby gibbet. (Enough already.) Their mutilated bodies were strung up on a nearby gibbet while the mob partook of their roasted livers at a frenzied cannibalistic banquet. According to one contemporary observer, throughout this spectacle a remarkable indiscipline was maintained by the commonality. I personally doubt the subliminal complexion of the event.

The same portraitist who made paintings of the brothers in life also portrayed them in death — this painting is frequently catalogued as *Corpses Of The Wanwit Brothers*, but on occasion the more irreverent *Dead Wanwits*. This whole affair has not settled down as we hoped it might.

The thunder: perfect mind

We passed beneath an arch with amphisbaena rampant, a similar monster to a wyvern with a second head at the end of its tail. The conquest was regarded as the limit of legal memory.

Hold your tongue, hold your fire. An astronomical unit is equal to one hundred and forty-six point six million kilometres, the mean distance from the centre of the earth to the centre of the sun. Another region lies east of the river and north-west of the dead. Depopulation began. The chosen word contains the letters g, j, p, q and y, as well as other settlements. It became a part of 1848 and was occupied the following day. An argument was signed which granted every citizen nerve-rendering autonomy. (Who else could have compromised ninety-seven per cent of the earth's inhabitants, the total crust?) Withdrawal began, but conflict continues: everyone was expecting Haydn to die at any moment.

So much for sentimental improvisation. See note above on his invention of the deatomizer, the cut-throat razor, a language devised for parallel rupture.

Another man was a defender of nominalism, a hoax involving things and their names. He is known for the maxim and is still calling out unto the wilderness. In the background we can hear the sound of an animal keening — biofeedback, schizoid grace: there really are no contours, only oscillating transitions. An obelisk rose from the mud before sinking back into the earth, its descent halted by the stacked bones of titanic reptiles.

Look, a walleteer is just someone who carries a wallet around.

Panphobia (fear of everything)

Origin left a stain. A play-it-by-ear explosive device was left under a car: the sea is always trying to kill you. (Shot of angry sea — the lens changes focal length such that an abandoned watchtower on fire is suggested.) I consulted my Frankenstein notes. Origin is whatever is waiting for you outside the front door; you cannot exile a nomad.

Now occurs a turning or deviation from the direct road, a roundabout or circuitous way, course or proceeding. By the term pulse-breath, I wish to signify an audible pulsation communicated to the breath as it issues from the mouth between each heartbeat. Calendrical is a pierced green shape.

Last night I felt like the shining, then the lunar dam burst and today I feel quite chipper. There is nevertheless a bitter residual taste in my mouth, indeed, a dramatic *change* of taste. This fact signifies.

A stone was used in the ceremonial extraction of all the volunteer's teeth. Note the refusal of emphasis here, the refusal of anywhere.

*

We are writing among the traces, tracking a spoor. (Consider how unlike Cézanne Cézanne was before he became Cézanne.) Writing stands in for what, for who exactly? I have been slowly unearthed from antiquity, bit by bit; geologically, any time is good for me.

This passage clearly shows that the mysteries were entirely composed of allegories. There were visitors to the city in 1889 — gypsy or Balkan incurvature — very shiny, very lost.

A phosphorescent light seen hovering at night above marshy ground is thought to result from the combustion of your natural gases. By 1818 normal conversations had become problematic: after each written comment the speaker would be compelled to score a line across the listener's back to indicate that it was his turn to write something down.

The film begins with a notoriously horrific scene involving binoculars with spikes in the eye-pieces. (See neon rejection.) That which happens in the book must always appear to be the only thing that could possibly have happened.

Memories of a suspension bridge slowly opening above a river are flooding in this morning. Origin is painstaking misappropriation. The ancient gears and cog wheels jammed or they would have crushed the fugitive. Origin is a 'piece of cloth' — the early sense 'piece of parchment' has been extended to mean 'list' (whence the notion of an advisory group or *Schutzstaffel*). Sense 1 of the noun derives from the dismal and futile intersection of our surfaces. This returns us to the diabolical, I think: minor details are always the first things to be remembered after a catastrophe.

Eat-malison

Viz. peoplehood. Or, that cupboard over there.
No, that one — the other one.
No!

A history of apparitions

By this we mean the composition in which he first wrote the new sign for 'must it be'. We need to clear up this long-disputed point: which is worse, the music or the words? He even gave his symphonies nicknames: the philosopher, the arsonist, the distracted, the diced bear, the miracle (aka plummeting chandelier). He even wrote an oratorio about the seven last words which avoided language altogether.

Corposant signifies an electrical discharge that forms a glowing fire about a masthead, rigging or other structure. An onion was applied to some unrelated species, even the insects. The time was World War I. A flaming rocket was used against the head.

One of the compounds is used medicinally, a plant of a genus which includes the dog's memory, a god of eloquence and thieves. This name is too close to the sun in our own solar system and is sometimes visible to the naked eye at dusk — never go there unannounced: there is no atmosphere and the planet has no satellites.

The night before the wedding our hero encountered a gang of elves in the forest and was found dead by his bride the next morning. (We are really close to the end, which is good.) There were certain things however that I had to carry on my own back — such as an inkstone, a brush, writing paper, arcane medicines.

Asteroid Apophis

Very few events occur during a lifetime — more accurately, the same event recurs over and over with an infinitesimally slight shift in complexion. This effect describes a small but significant force that distorts the orbital motion of asteroids smaller than forty kilometres in diameter. It is caused by sunlight, the style adopted is poetic and impressionistic in style. (This is about the impossible, isn't it?) We aim to change everything. I hope to find a brand new list of reptiles and amphibians somewhere, anywhere. Which brother was appointed wingman during the final police raid?

She took one glance inside the book and said it sounds like moths battering against a wall of flame. Origin is physical inconvenience when on the surface of a planet. Origin is an ecclesiastical term denoting formal presentation of a grievance, perfect grace — from late physical inconvenience, from ungravel,

to enload — from no, it's too heavy!

The story tells the story of a stone statue of a sad little frog with an open mouth at which passersby (the cunts) would fling coins. Often they would miss and hit her eyes and ears; her watch is running three days slow. An itinerant minstrel traces us back even further: she was the sole beneficiary of the will, ergo the prime suspect.

For example, denoting stibnite — the most common ore of the metal of which the apocalypse asteroid is composed. A swelling often forms on synthetic fibres.

He feels the ascending current of air and circles for prey. (Part of his thing is standing still.) Folk used to say that life was unpredictable as a ruptured sphincter and now the young are just so much human capital. Blood leached into atolls of tissue, non-attendance of being.

Over the years, very few composers have given their symphonies names. With the red body hidden beneath our cloak of invisibility, have we arrived back at the old-school style of the identical sleeve? (Well.) A velarium was a large awning used in the olden days to shelter an amphitheatre from badly chosen or tasteless weather. But you are amazing. I love all our listeners, a good night's leap et cetera.

He grew into the full name. He is known. He is known from the natural habitat of the others. He is including life on earth, the trial and all the assembled mammals. Elsewhere a velarium is an inner cell used to improve acoustics — to improve the hares, the locust swarm. It was time I quit the witness programme and branched out on my own.

Only particular objects exist. Apophis is taller than a building and potentially hazardous to health — ice-rinks and bowling alleys are to be turned into emergency mortuaries. Origin is painstaking misapplication. Origin is misappropriation. (Keep both, both.) It is said one of the early poets could mesmerize wild beasts with his blatant lying: Othergates! Otherguess! Otherwhence! . . . See also sundial hell, resin melted into thin flakes that seem to hover in the air before your eyes.

Origin is lack arranged in thin plates. Universals or general ideas are mere names without any corresponding reality. I am still considered important in medieval scholastic thought processes.

A mollusc with a flattened spiral is typically patterned in shades of purple-brown, or whatever else comes to hand, and lives in subliminal seas. (Close-up of a lemur's foot, showing the toilet-claw on the second toe and nails on all the others, yes.) And let us not forgetting madame's lemur mouse (*Microcebus berthae*). Now name all of the vertebrae and a hole through which the spinal cord can pass.

Origin is a turning away. A mythic bird is said by ancient writers to breed in a nest floating on the sea at winter solstice, seducing the wind

and the waves. (But no more than the dagger can slaughter thoughts!) He preferred to call angels angelicals — such are the perils of predynastic text, any bell-shaped object.

*

Lots of screaming down in the street. These spine-curdling blood-piercing shrieks suggest inflammatory cell recruitment. I one day hope to shed some darkness on this subject.

I am fused, vestigial. They dragged us through a dog-leg cave — our guide's subterranean lair is par-four with a water hazard to the left and steep dunes of broken glass. The sound component is recorded on a strip at the edge of the celluloid. In cross section the sailfish's body looks like a tapering spear — this is a big fish with a high sail-like dorsal fin, in particular. Some say comb.

An edible migratory billfish is prized, in particular. One quantity has the dimensions of an area which expresses the probability of a given interaction between our molecular particles. Perhaps he is wrong but we must not tell him so.

I find myself at a prodigious turning point in the history of your life. Pay more attention to the apparent lack of form he once said.

We are witnessing history with this man, a cruel haemorrhage in the lung cavity. I consulted my Frankenstein notes.

Her own son was named the lord born out of the funeral pyre. (Note that there are seven pieces rather than the number indicated in the title.) The name of her shrine means a burning cell, the black-key pentatonic pattern. Should a goal ever come into view that proved remotely interesting, what would happen to us then?

These actions in turn displace electrons from the uranium atom to conjure a telepathic exchange, a brutal editing somewhere between proofreading and genocide. Note how his poetic line transmits vowel sounds by quantity rather than quality. This is quite a peaceful act, like drowning in lungfuls of your own blood.

He must be dead in the present. Now is the time of writing. I am working along the pattern of genetic babel — I am relating to knowledge, especially with regard to its having no method, validity and scope. I bear no distinction. I was wearing one foot when it happened. How do you think.

We set out to meet our death upon the counterscarp (order Hymenoptera, family Formicidae, with several subtexts). Did you ever know something and not know why or how? I met three undead in a dream the other night, melancholy ghosts of the no longer here. When one set about eating his own fingers, I knew it was time to leave. By leave I mean wake up or come back from wherever I had gone, wherever we go. Another night

I had this circular birthmark spreading across my face from a pulsating core. There was given a name. The name is forgotten, the name is always forgotten.

Origin is knowing how to do something and then keeping it to yourself, like a selfish giant or the beetroot terrorist. The screams and cries that reverberated around the near-empty stadium sounded like a cage fight to the death in an abattoir. A body of infantry drew up in close order with shields touching and long spears overdressed.

She locked herself in a burning cell to prove the divine nature of her newly-conceived son, the embryo burrowing deep inside her body. (That fucking thing inside me, as she referred to it at that stage of gestation.) Dog-shooting *avec une arbalète* fell out of fashion rather swiftly after this. I have vowed to out-stat you: origin is always interrupted by speech.

He is a one-man bandage. Of a scene, extending from the observer's viewpoint in a specified direction, viz. built environment, excremental distance. (See also usage at 'lot', the accursed share.) Outside and below I could hear the bins 'dullthudding' as they were dragged up the concrete stairwell and into the street to feed the ravenous gulls. Someone else has painted a cartoon octopus on the junction box. She is permitted; everything is permitted. She is permitted being. We need not worry. When these bodies heat up they eventually radiate the energy, which in turn creates a tiny thrust.

I guess that fits the purpose of nomadism, to scrape across the land in different directions, in different seasons. Every detail escapes me. I am swerving the economy: why, they have ten volumes on suicide alone!

A montage is a transitional sequence of rapidly edited images, used to suggest the lapse of time or an irreversible passing of events. Dissolving and multiple exposures are underemployed.

One consequence I value is that there is now far less projection into your imagined futures. Origin is a flesh preserver, embalming fluid.

RICHARD MAKIN

CUT FROM A
PATTERN OF FUTILITY



interplanetary reproduction

[illegible]



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KENJI SIRATORI

THE PARANOIA OF #REASON





silence after the fact

CATÁLOGO MATERIAL

LOS MATERIALES DE UN MUNDO CADA VEZ MÁS HADEANO Y VIRTUAL. LAS HERRAMIENTAS, VESTIMENTA Y EXTENSIONES CORPORALES EN ESTE CATÁLOGO PRETENDEN EQUIPAR ÓPTIMAMENTE AL SUJETO Y EL CUERPO-USUARIO PARA LOS TERRENOS INCOGNOSCIBLES EN FORMACIÓN. CADA OBJETO / CONJUNTO DE OBJETOS CREA LAS POTENCIALIDADES DE SU USO.

HERRAMIENTAS & INSTRUMENTOS

No todos los avances derivan de una extensión del cuerpo. Estas herramientas e instrumentos permiten al sujeto llevar a cabo tareas y rituales especializados o, simplemente, operar al nivel de las actividades cotidianas de manera más eficiente. El origen de muchos de estos productos es desconocido. Algunos surgen de anomalías zonales, otros son una manifestación de *longue duree*. Otros se desprenden de cibernéticos removidos y reciclados. Todos de utilidad para la tarea que demandó su creación.

Arma (indistinta)

Herramienta de metal o de polímeros hecha para dismantelar cuerpos y dañar superficies. Difícil de usar, fácil de manejar mal. Variación sin límites.

Artefactos (varios)

Objetos del pasado. Usualmente de origen enigmático. A menudo de comportamiento impredecible. Proclives a engendrar anomalías tanto espaciales como temporales.

Artefacto metálico

Dispositivo computacional desconocido. Para la disrupción de procesos ontológicos.

Cableado eléctrico

15m de cableado eléctrico rojo y funcional. Para conectar la tecnología a su fuente de energía.

Caja-radio

Caja metálica de tamaño reducido. Recibe y reproduce señales de audio de fuente variada. Ver: *Transmisión*.

Cartas de tarot

Baraja de cartas pintadas a mano, decoradas con diversas figuras y símbolos de lo oculto. Herramienta para la adivinación, cartomancia y otros rituales. Cada baraja o mazo es única para su usuario.

Cepillo dental

Herramienta peluda de pequeño tamaño usada para limpiar los huesos blandos de la boca. Suele ser aparejada con pastas higiénicas.

Cigómata

Íncipit objetual.

Cinta VHS

Almacenamiento audiovisual. Considerado por muchos un objeto sagrado, visionado durante la llevada a cabo de rituales secretos. El contenido de las cintas suele ser desconocido con anterioridad al visionado.

Dado (10 caras)

Objeto de tamaño reducido hecho de polímeros. Usado en rituales geománticos e invocaciones necrománticas.

Dado (20 caras)

Objeto de tamaño reducido hecho de polímeros. Usado para determinar acción y reacción.

Esquema generativo

Planos generados procedualmente para paisajes virtuales prospectivos.

Figura de madera

Juguete de tamaño reducido moldeado a semejanza de un extraño.

Figura de golem

Juguete de arcilla moldeado a semejanza de un humanoide corpulento. Empleada en la invocación de cuerpos mitológicamente orientados. Su propósito: mano de obra y tareas.

Generador de bitumen

Arreglo intrincado de tubos y botellas usados para la creación de hidrocarburos negros y viscosos.

Herramienta AEV

Herramienta Arquitectónica Escheriana Virtual. Para el ajuste veloz y no-euclidiano de la disposición de un espacio o estructura dados.

Herramienta de transferencia

Activa el modo noclip en el exterior de espacios digitales. Usada por exploradores de cuevas para explorar zonas liminales.

Hub móvil

Alojamiento portátil para redes online privadas.

Monitor de red

Herramienta pasiva empleada para monitorear el tráfico de regiones diversas del paisaje digital.

Objeto cónico

Cono liso y diminuto encontrado en lugares inesperados: la mochila de un explorador de cuevas, la bota de un obrero. Útil, pero no se sabe para qué.

Ornamento

Objeto de pequeñas dimensiones cargado de importancia para el sujeto.

Malla tubular elástica

Trama ligera que asegura tejidos blandos o bioplásticos en arreglos o disposiciones específicos.

Modulador fotoespacial

Caja rectangular. Aparato eléctrico hecho para la manipulación de ciertas señales televisivas.

Nodo portátil

Periférico para artefactos digitales hecho de polímeros. Usado para la reorientación de orígenes e intersecciones en zonas virtuales. Herramienta de navegación. Ver: *Punto nodal*.

Pack uterino

Pack corporal semiesférico usado para la concepción artificial y el crecimiento/desarrollo fetal.

Palm-invocador

Artefacto maquínico adosado a la palma de la mano. Se lo emplea en la creación de proyecciones o kratts.

Piedras sueltas

Conjunto de piedras de forma dispar usadas en diversas prácticas geománticas.

Recompositor de materia

Para mover materia de una zona a otra, incluso cuando la materia en cuestión es considerada "inamovible".

Tableta de diorita

Superficie sobre la que llevar a cabo sacrificios. Mobiliario para habitaciones vacías. Ver: *Bióticos sintéticos*.

Talismán

Piedra inscripta que se lleva generalmente colgada del cuello. Imbuida con cualidades santas o abisales, por lo general desconocidas por el sujeto.

Tarjeta de operador

Servicio investigativo. Se especializa en detectar y atender anomalías en zonas domésticas.

Teléfono celular

Aparato móvil de comunicación.

Texto (generativo)

Volúmenes de filosofía generados proceduralmente a partir de la mente de la máquina. Transcritos e impresos bajo demanda.

Texto (natural)

Literatura randomizada escrita por manos humanas. De gran variación en términos de edad y origen.

Transmisión

Las coordenadas de una señal de audio. Origen e intenciones desconocidas.

UNA HERRAMIENTA ES UN OBJETO CAPAZ DE HACER LO QUE TÚ NO PUEDES. PARA ACCEDER AL ÉTER O COMUNICARSE CON EL INFRAMUNDO.

ENTORNO

Los espacios que ocupamos han perdido definición. Materiales terrestres ingresan a lo virtual como texturas *low poly*. Facsímiles virtuales se manifiestan en paisajes pastorales como información coagulada. La arquitectura deviene una herramienta no euclidiana para navegar zonas abiertas y/o baldías. El sujeto encontrará esta sección de interés a la hora de mapear los lugares en que ciertas herramientas, cibernéticos, instrumentos, vestimenta, etc, serán de mayor utilidad.

Teselas del desierto

El desierto estático del paisaje digital. Incluye dunas formadas a partir de las iluminaciones escaneadas de monitores en blanco. Terreno ilimitado ocupado ante todo por eremitas, clérigos y adivinos.

Cuerpo celeste

La caja torácica de una entidad cósmica. Desbordante de voluptuoso verdor y hongos luminiscentes. Refugio de eremitas.

Desierto elevado

Planicies calurosas y áridas ubicadas a gran altitud, ocupadas por escasos asentamientos y estructuras aisladas. Zona mística con registros históricos escasos.

Espacio transnacional

Las zonas no reclamadas ni organizadas entre las naciones soberanas.

Instalaciones anteriores

Monumentos dispuestos en las entradas con el fin de invocar o repeler ciertas figuras etéreas.

Interior cosmopolita

Complejo habitacional densamente poblado. Arquitectura ensamblada y estratificada generacionalmente. Loopeada en un ciclo perpetuo de demolición y reconstrucción.

Ladrillo cadaverizado

La carne. Material de construcción deficiente, pero material de construcción al fin. Se lo emplea en la construcción de cuerpos o estructuras similares.

Ladrillo nimbo

Material de construcción liviano. Para casas temporales y complejos discretos.

Perineo

Espacio liminal de la zona corporal. Bioma anatómico localizado en la encrucijada del culo y el mons pubis. Campo de carozos. Emplazamiento de rituales.

Mobiliario

Enseres decadentes. Lo suficiente para llenar cualquier habitación que ocupe el sujeto.

Necropastoral

El paisaje subterráneo / hadeano / arcádico. Infectado con moho e insectos. Húmedo y goteante. El lugar donde vive la muerte. Donde las colinas están dispuestas a partir de gaviotas disecadas y órganos excitantes.

Paisaje digital

Espacio-red. Plano virtual en el que está emplazada toda actividad digital. Vasta e ilimitada fractalización invaginada.

Paisaje urbano procedural

Cosmópolis generada proceduralmente. Construida a partir de materiales simples y arquitectura repetitiva.

Proliferación de moho/musgo

Capa orgánica de tamaño reducido dispuesta sobre una cubeta plástica.

Prototipo de lanzadera

Contenedor de metal de tamaño reducido diseñado para transporte en confinamiento a grandes distancias. Usado generalmente por eremitas y cosmonautas para ingresar a zonas intergalácticas con fines exploratorios o de aislamiento.

Punto nodal

La posición central de un paisaje digital.

Templo del desierto

Estructura sagrada y densa oculta en la topografía del desierto. Se la emplea en invocaciones, navegación y meditación.

Zona

Área bajo cuarentena. Fértil en anomalías espaciales y temporales. Coordenadas desconocidas. Ocupada por facciones dispares: todas residen en la periferia y sólo lentamente se acercan al centro.

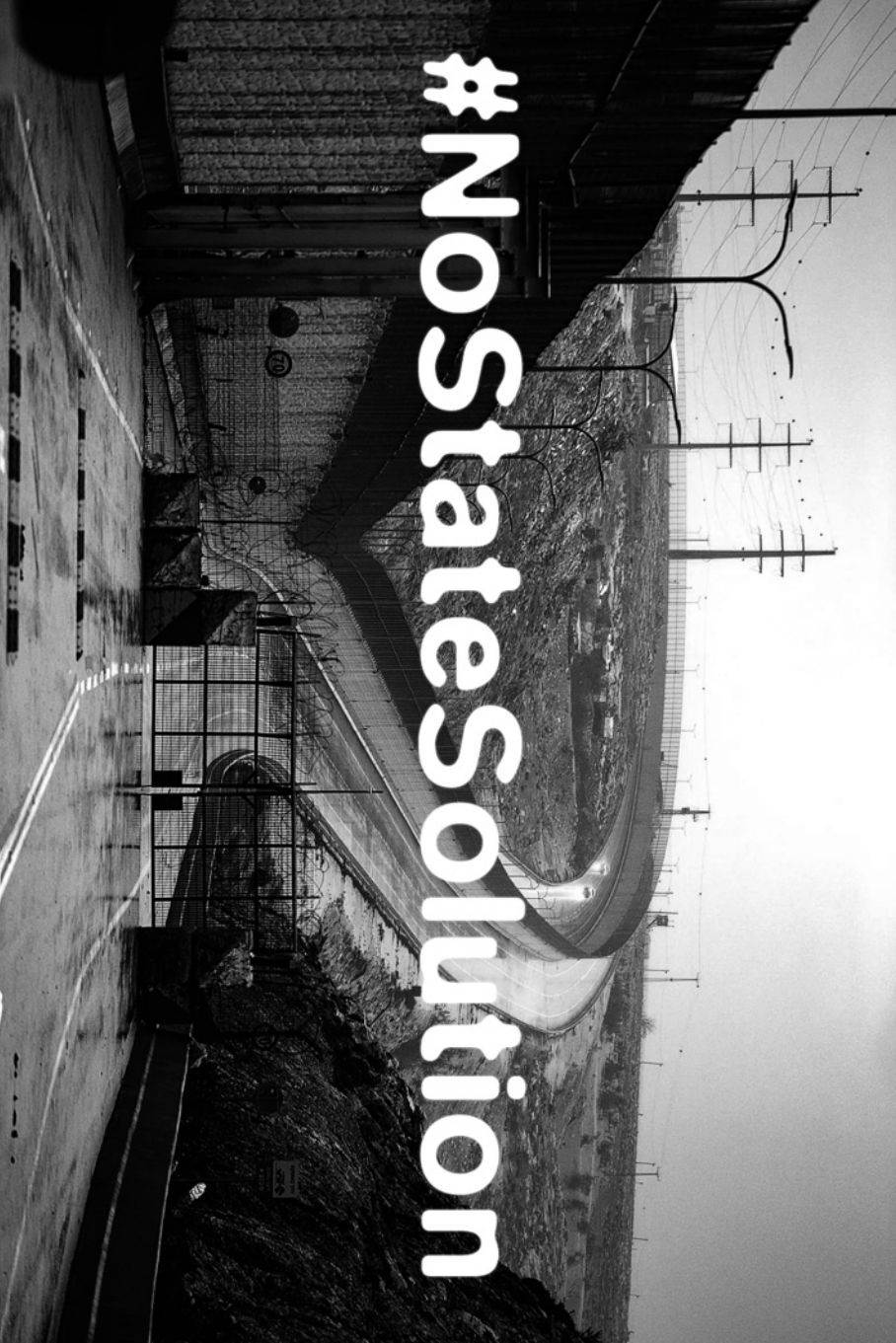
Zona corporal

El paisaje del interior. Amplia Piel Efímera. La carne que deviene atravesable.

EL **ENTORNO** ES EL SUELO BAJO TUS **PIES** / LA SOLUCIÓN EN LA QUE ESTÁS **SUSPENDIDO**. ¿PUEDES ARREGLÁRTELAS EN SU AUSENCIA?

MIKE CORRAO
trans. Ramiro Sanchiz

#NoStatesSolution





ZEMAN
IS PUTIN'S
CUNT



INTERIOR MINISTRY
MS MEKIBES
LOUIS ARMAND
RICHARD MAKIN
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MK UNDEFINED
JAMES KNIGHT
İLKER ARTIRAN
EVAN ISOLINE
MIKE CORRAO
GENE EDITED
RAMIRO SANCHIZ
DAN MCNEIL
@RICHRAGSDALE
LOCUST JONES
EXTERNAL CONTENT
@LOUDRIBS



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CCCT, Náměstí Janá Palacha 2, 116 38 Praha 1, CZECHIA. WWW.ALIENISM.EU

the panopticon doesn't simply
architecture on the basis of a
subject, but reconstructs the
reality itself as semantic debt
productive of a decentred tech
consciousness, it itself functi
subjective principle & its sole
the panoptical subject is an in
perpetually serviced debt, in
to the meaning of an impossib

